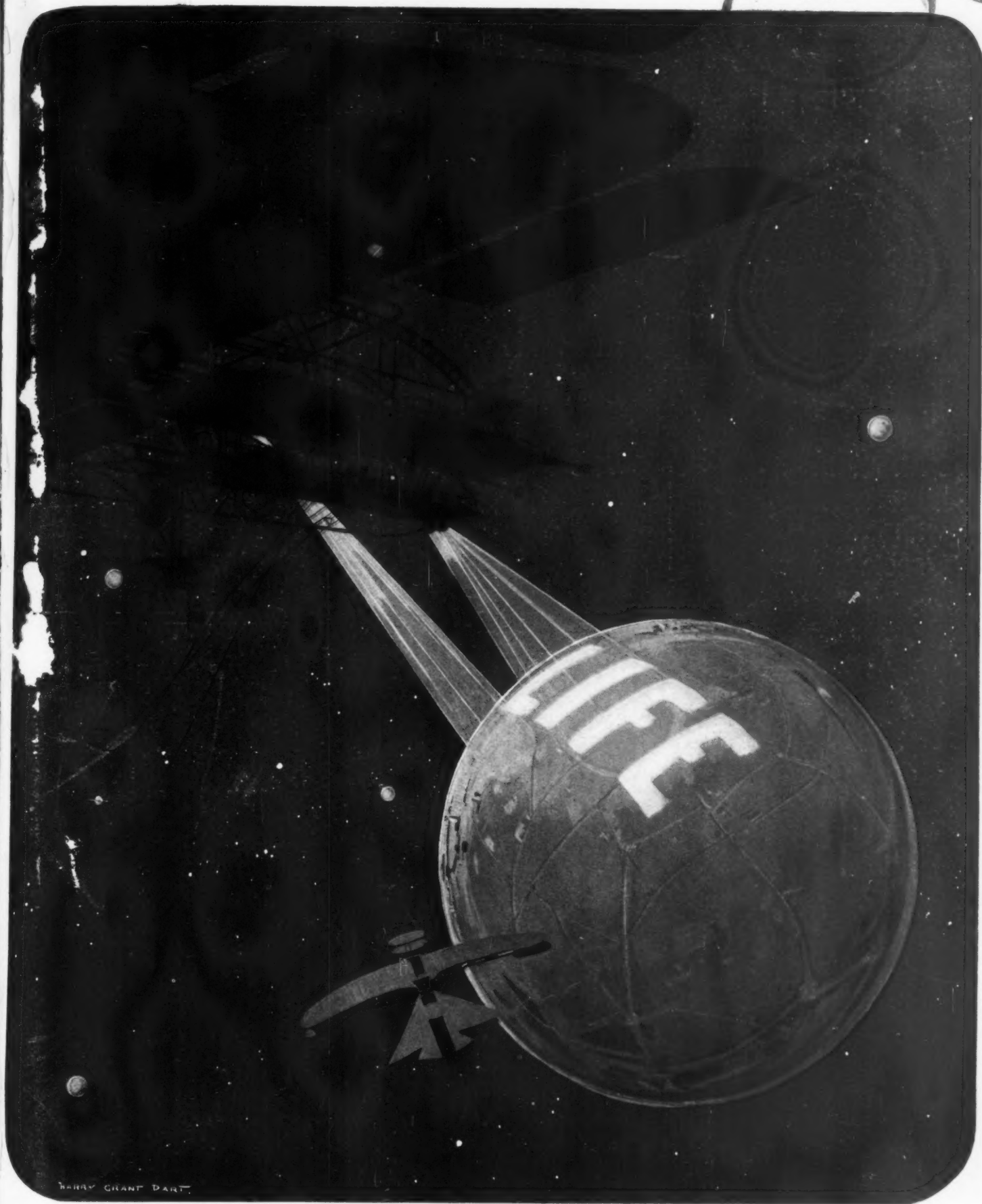


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87

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Bernard Shaw

Shaw asks for life as against death; for freedom as against slavery; for assertion as against negation. He is against present institutions and present morality because these do not make for life and freedom and happiness, but for misery, poverty, sorrow, disease and death. If you ask Shaw what you ought to do, he tells you in the following pieces of advice:

Nothing is more dangerous than a poor doctor; not even a poor employer or a poor landlord.

Of all the anti-social vested interests the worst is the vested interest in ill-health

Remember that an illness is a misdemeanor; and treat the doctor as an ac-

Hello, Brother!

We want you to meet 100,000 good fellows who gather 'round our "Head Camp," fire once a month and spin yarns about sport with Rod, Dog, Rifle and Gun. The

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

contains 164 pages crammed full of stories, pictures of fish and game taken from life, and a lot more good stuff that will lure you pleasantly away from your everyday work and care to the healthful atmosphere of woods and fields, where you can smell the evergreens, hear the babble of the brook, and see at close range big game and small. Every number of this magazine contains valuable information about hunting, fishing and camping trips, where to go, what to take, etc. All this for 15c a copy, or with watch fob \$1.00 a year. We want you to see for yourself what the **National Sportsman** is and make you this

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On receipt of 25c in stamps or coin we will send you this month's **National Sportsman** and one of our heavy Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price 50c) as here shown, with russet leather strap and gold plated buckle. Can you beat this? This Month's **National Sportsman**, reg. price 15c. **National Sportsman Watch Fob**, regular price 50c. Total Value... **25cts.**

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Hie away to Yellowstone Park. Live with Nature for two weeks—four weeks—better yet: three months. This new half-million-dollar hotel, and the other four comfortable stopping places in the Park (including the famous rustic Old Faithful Inn), invite to restful and healthful recreation. Every up-to-date convenience of metropolitan hotels. A 143-mile coaching trip over government-kept boulevards through the Land of Geysers.

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16 Broadway, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Annual Rose Festival, Portland, Ore., June 5-10, 1911.



cessory unless he notifies every case to the Public Health authority.

Treat every death as a possible and under our present system a probable murder, by making it the subject of a reasonably conducted inquest; and execute the doctor, if necessary, as a doctor, by striking him off the register.

Make up your mind how many doctors the community needs to keep it well. Do not register more or less than this number; and let registration constitute the

doctor a civil servant with a dignified living wage paid out of public funds.

Treat the private operator exactly as you would treat a private executioner.

Treat persons who profess to be able to cure disease as you treat fortune tellers.

Keep the public carefully informed, by special statistics and announcements of individual cases, of all illnesses of doctors or in their families.

(Concluded on page 609)



Look for
The Girl and the Rabbits
on the
Cover of Next Week's
Easter Number of
Life



Coronation

You may know that King George's Coronation occurs in June. Cablegram just received from London says :

"Impossible to have Coronation without Special number of LIFE. Answer."



While we hesitated to do it, we wish to cement the ties between our British cousins and ourselves. We have therefore decided to issue this Coronation number. Full particulars later.

Three Special Numbers

Coming. Immediately after the Easter number,

*Burglar's
Dog
Commuter's*



and possibly the Humorous number. But this is doubtful. We are too timid just now to issue that number. Besides, we have a reputation to sustain.



Subscription, \$5.00

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Wood or tin rollers. "Improved"
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Stewart Hartshorn

Bernard Shaw

(Concluded from page 607)

Make it compulsory for a doctor using a brass plate to have inscribed on it, in addition to the letters indicating his qualifications, the words, "Remember that I too am mortal."

In legislation and social organizations, proceed on the principle that invalids, meaning persons who cannot keep themselves alive by their own activities, cannot, beyond reason, expect to be kept alive by the activity of others.

Do not try to live forever. You will not succeed.

Use your health, even to the point of wearing it out. That is what it is for. Spend all you have before you die, and do not outlive yourself.

Take the utmost care to get well born and well brought up. This means that your mother must have a good doctor. Be careful to go to a school where there is what they call a school clinic, where your nutrition and teeth and eyesight and other matters of importance to you will be attended to. Be particularly careful to have all this done at the expense of the nation, as otherwise it will not be done at all, the chances being about forty to one against your being able to pay for it directly yourself, even if you know how to set about it. Otherwise you will be what most people are at present; an unsound citizen of an unsound nation, without sense enough to be ashamed or unhappy about it.—Temple Scott in the March Forum.



A SKIRT divided against itself cannot endure.—Columbia State.

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There can be no substitute for *quality* in an automobile tire, any more than there can be a substitute for *knowledge* of road requirements and how to meet them. Under the name, Kelly-Springfield, knowledge and quality combine to make a tire as perfect as a motor car tire can be made.

On my 40 h. p. Locomobile, I have driven a Kelly-Springfield Tire over 12,000 miles and I know these tires give a greater mileage than any other make I have tried.

I. H. DOWNES, of Carter Garage Co., New York City.

Specify Kelly-Springfield Tires on your automobile. They cost no more than any first-class tire and are better

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The Tourist Magazine appeals especially to the readers and friends of

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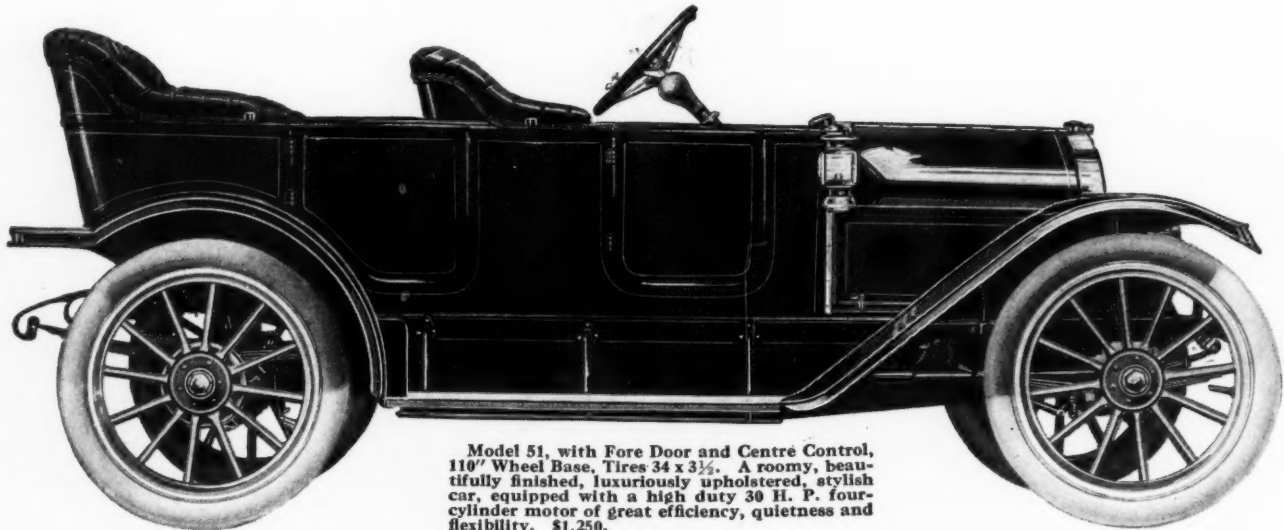
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¶ No other manufacturer can produce the car described below, sell it at the price we ask, and make a profit. This is a fact which comparison will prove. Certain it is, that no maker gives as much for so little. 25,000 Overland owners know this from experience.

Overland

¶ The plants of the Willys-Overland Co. are the largest, most complete and best equipped. The Toledo plant alone covers over 30 acres. The five Overland chassis are absolutely standardized. No maker in the world works to closer limits in fineness of fit.



Model 51, with Fore Door and Centre Control, 110" Wheel Base, Tires 34 x 3½. A roomy, beautifully finished, luxuriously upholstered, stylish car, equipped with a high duty 30 H. P. four-cylinder motor of great efficiency, quietness and flexibility. \$1,250.

- ¶ We know, beyond all question, that Overland Model 51, shown on this page, is the greatest automobile value in the world.
- ¶ We also know that it isn't an easy matter for the man who is seeking the best car for his money to make a choice.
- ¶ He is perplexed by the conflicting advice of friends, preconceived prejudices, and the extravagant misleading statements of overzealous advertising writers and automobile salesmen.
- ¶ There is one way to make the right decision quickly and carefully and correctly, and that is to investigate, compare and judge for yourself. Make a careful comparison point for point. If it is possible take a ride in each of the cars.
- ¶ The buyer who selects a car on the merits of this comparison and demonstration invariably selects the Overland.
- ¶ Consider and bear this point in mind always, that the Overland is a manufactured car, every part and every piece made by us, after our own design, by our own men, in our own plants.
- ¶ Unlimited facilities, enormous production of exact standardized duplicates, an ideal organization, built up, controlled and directed by one man—John N. Willys—enable us to make the minimum price on the maximum of motor car efficiency. Write for an Overland copy. Will explain the full Overland line.

Model 51 Fore Door Overland Specifications

MOTOR—We make five models, 22 body styles, 20 to 40 H. P. 4-cylinder motors, 96" to 118" wheel base, at prices ranging from \$775 to \$1,675. As we believe in doing one thing at a time, as good as we know how, we devote this page exclusively to Model 51, \$1,250. The motor, like everything else in this car, is of our own design and manufacture, of the four-cylinder, four cycle type, 4" x 4½" cylinders, has large water jacket and is cast singly. Cylinders are cast from a special grade of close-grained metal from our own formulae. Crank shafts, connecting rods and all other forgings, made in our drop forge plant, are of high carbon manganese steel. All bearings, cylinders, pistons and rings are ground to mirror smoothness, insuring long life, freedom from wear and positive compression. Cylinders offset, motor suspended at three points from main frame braced for this purpose, dispensing with complication and weight of sub-frame. Entire motor constructed with a view of accessibility. Piston rings fitted precisely to ¼ of 1,000 of an inch—bearings 1-1000 of an inch. It isn't possible to build a motor more accurately, of greater quietness or efficiency.

WHEEL BASE—110 inches. **TREAD**—56 to 60 inches.

SIZE OF TIRES—34 x 3½.

SEATING CAPACITY—Five passengers.

TRANSMISSION—Three speed and reverse selective type CLUTCH cone.

IGNITION—Dual system, with one set of spark plugs. High tension magneto battery.

BRAKES—Internal expanding and external contracting.

SPRINGS—2" semi-elliptic, three-quarters elliptic rear.

STEERING GEAR—Worm and segment adjustable.

FRONT AXLE—Drop forged I-beam section.

REAR AXLE—Semi-floating.

FRAME—Pressed steel, single drop, drilled in rigid "jig" to insure perfect alignment, all joints hot riveted, all angles heavily reinforced.

LAMPS—Two gas and three oil.

COLOR—Dark blue body, cream gear.

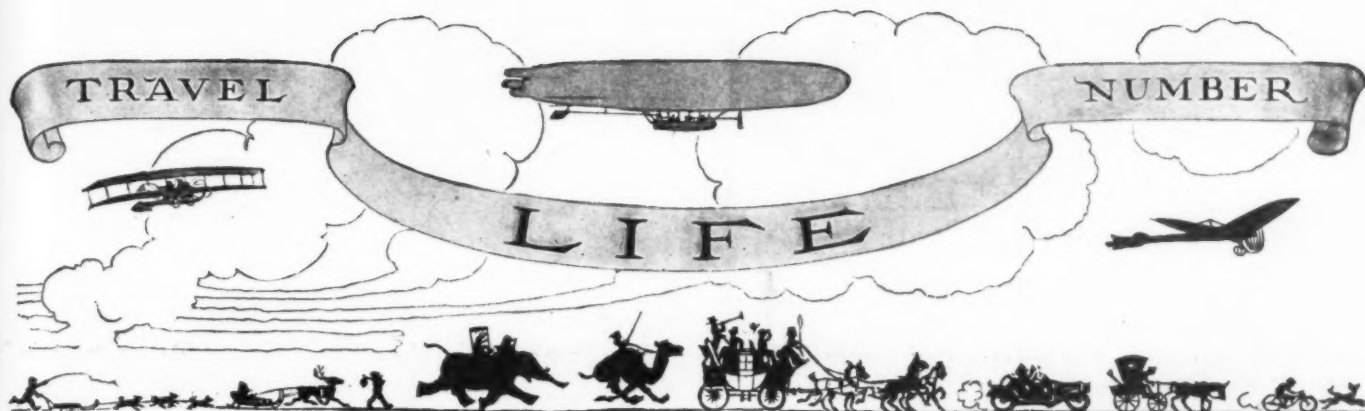
BODY—Made by us. No better material or workmanship possible—open front or fore door at the same price.

Price, \$1,250

The Willys-Overland Company,

139 Central Avenue,

TOLEDO, OHIO



PAUL GOULD

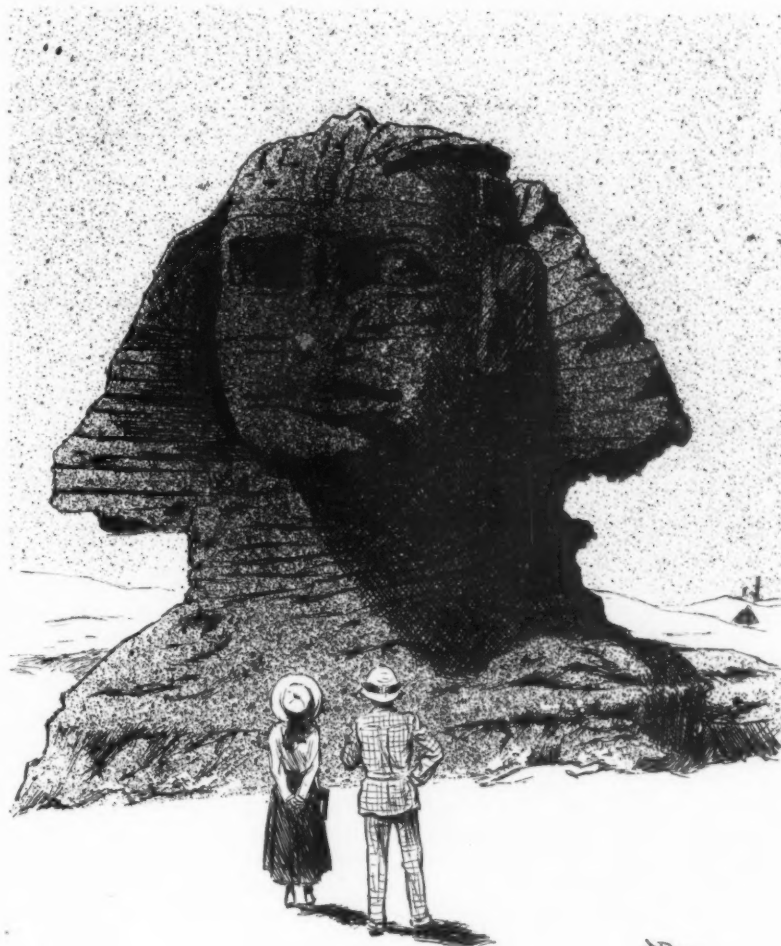
This Number

NOT long ago Mr. Bernard Shaw remarked that Americans could not care much for their own country, because they were always leaving it for some other place. This, however, is only half the truth. The other half is that they are always leaving other places to come back to America in order to get enough money to go again. Americans may properly be divided into two classes: Those who travel and those who settle down in graveyards.

Even when they confine their activities to their own country, Americans do not remain long in one place. Home, to every American, means a spot that will appreciate in value, so that he can sell out in the near future at a profit and move somewhere else.

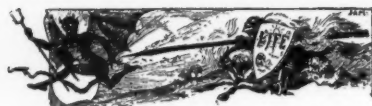
Americans have two major emotions: The desire to get away when they are home and the desire to get home when they are away. When an American retires from business, he spends the remainder of his days in building one home after another, resting in between by going abroad. When he is not able to retire from business, he mortgages his home for an automobile. He would just as freely mortgage his soul—if that were considered good collateral.

This number of LIFE is, therefore, a literary and pictorial monument to the traveling American—that is, to all good Americans. We trust that it will be read by all traveling Americans, not because there is any special desire on our part to increase our circulation to this alarming extent, but merely because we think that Americans should be given a chance once in a while to view themselves as others view them.



JP
1914

American Girl: OH! I'M GLAD WE CAME. I THINK IT'S JUST PERFECTLY DARLING.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVII. MARCH 30, 1911. No. 1483

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



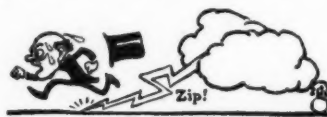
THERE has been an interesting hearing in the State House in Boston of

argument for and against the proposal to spend twenty-five thousand dollars of Massachusetts money for a statue of Ben Butler. No doubt it would be an equestrian statue—Ben had a sack-of-flour seat on a horse that was effective in street processions—and it would stand somewhere in Boston.

It seems mean to deny a statue of General Ben to anyone who really wants it, and is willing to live with it, but the opposition was fairly urgent—Mr. Moorfield Storey citing cases, Colonel Nat. Hallowell remembering things, Mr. Rhodes the historian offering verdicts of history, and Major Higginson protesting against the wanton cruelty of Butler's friends in bringing up his disgraces to be talked over again. On the other side was Mr. James Wolff, a colored lawyer, claiming monumental recognition for Butler, the "loyal citizen and magnificent soldier," and Colonel Drinkwater telling how Butler stood out against the "know-nothings," and Mr. Pierce of Lowell saying how untrue everything was that had ever been said against Butler and how very well he always got on with the folks in his mill.

General Butler was a very active man and lived a very active life, but he was not active enough to be always on the wrong side of everything. Once in a while he got on the right side of something and then was so diabolically clever as to be quite charming. We beg leave to think that Boston needs a statue of him, not for her credit, but for penitential uses and to remind her of her too great propensity to self-approval. There was a Bernard Shaw value to General Ben that

should not be overlooked. He was a joke on Respectability, and Respectability, with its strong tendency towards crystallization, needs often to be joked and kept supple. And remember that in Butler's time audacity had not yet been incorporated into publishing companies. There was hardly any Pulitzer and no Hearst, and muck-raking was a mere avocation and had not been syndicated or raised to the dignity of a calling and an art. Butler had his uses. Why not have a horseback statue of him, but have it on rollers and run it out when there seems to be a demand for it and in again when it is not needed?



WE try to be attentive to the progress of current politics and to keep up with the accretions to the political vocabulary of our country. We are learning, slowly, to make mental response to the words "initiative, referendum and recall." "Recall" is the privilege of being dissatisfied between elections with somebody whom you have helped to put in office, and making him get out. They have learned how to do it in some of the States in the Northwest and enjoy it very much. In Arizona the Constitution-makers thought it would work well with judges and that is why Arizona is not yet a State.

But it would work beautifully with statues. Every city ought to have the privilege of recalling statues that are out of date and have not justified expectation. It ought to be possible to get rid of a statue without having to get up a political revolution, but here in New York the only statue that was ever recalled—so far as we can remember—was George Third's in 1776 or thereabouts, and how interesting it would be to have it back! No statues ought to be destroyed except very bad effigies of very good men. The rest should be stabled, to await the needs of society and the fluctuations of public opinion, and convenient sites should be reserved for their exhibition when wanted. New York ought to have a stableful of statues for occasional use for public instruction and

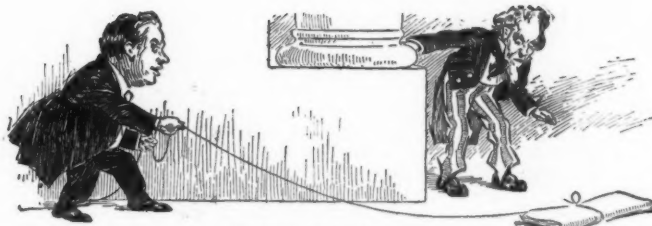
to remind our people-of-the-hour of what men have been and done in time past. Does the rising generation know the lineaments of Tweed? Tweed ought not to be forgotten. Think how educational his statue would be, in Union Square, say, properly inscribed for the edification of the uninformed and the forgetful.



POOR old Tweed! He died beaten, broken and poor and a prisoner. The Board of Education would not order out his effigy unless there was real need of a reminder. But think of some great rascals of a later time who won, who were mourned and tenderly reviewed when they died and left larcenous millions to make their descendants powerful, luxurious and respected after them! How easy those dead scamps seem to get off! Major Higginson spoke of the cruelty of Butler's friends in bringing up his disgraces, but really it marks the indulgent quality of the human heart that we do not set up statues for purposes of infamy and reprobation, condemning men to be remembered for their misdeeds, that their disgrace may not be forgotten, nor posterity be left ignorant of what they robbed it.

But we have not the entrails for retributions so grim as that. The sins of the fathers are only visited on the children by the automatic action of forces more just, more certain and finally more pitiless than any of ours. Wall Street for a generation or two may say, "We don't want that family's stocks," but that is about as far as affirmative reprobation goes. The gains of bribery and betrayal, the loot of the undefended, the plunder of the unorganized, look superficially like as good an inheritance as lawful gains honorably garnered.

But as for old Ben Butler, there was always so much comedy in that rogue that one can only laugh at the thought of his statue. Why not compromise and vote the money on condition that Mr. Moorfield Storey shall write the inscription?



SENATOR BAILEY'S RESIGNATION.

March



MILD DIET FOR HARVARD ATHLETES

R. T. RICHARDS.



THE KAISER FARMS.



CONNECTICUT SAYS IT WAS A PEAR.



WOMEN WRESTLE IN BOSTON.



"THINK OF OUR PROPERTY, SAM!"



WHEN BUFFALO BILL IS A SENATOR.

Travel



TRAVEL is a popular mania which impels the victim to seek the solace of crowds, jams, ruins, smells, masterpieces, glaciers and donkey-boys in preference to home, creditors or conscience.

Travel is a universal failing. The over-worked go to put in nineteen hours a day catching trains and climbing Matterhorns; the gouty to sample the cobwebbed vintages of the leading spas; the blasé to make Monte Carlo without doing the Casino, and Venice without seeing the lions. The suddenly rich travel in order to be miserable under strange conditions. The New England schoolma'am goes abroad to proclaim the superiority of the Singer Building over that leaning thing at Pisa. The Cornville editor goes to impressionize the first page of the *Clarion* back home. The self-proclaimed self-made go for the avowed purpose of giving no tips. The "WANTED!" go to be forgotten, the lovelorn to forget.

The principal highways of travel are the Riviera, the Rhine, the Lake District and the Holy Land. The Riviera



"PLEASE, SIR, FATHER SAYS YOU'RE A FINE SKIPPER. WOULD YOU MIND LETTING ME SEE YOU DO IT?"

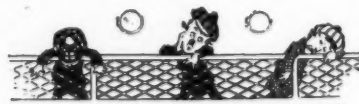


She (rapidly): TWO TO DULUTH.
Ticket Agent: TEEDLEDEE. OH, YOU KID!

offers unparalleled advantages for committing suicide without publicity. The Rhine possesses scenery almost rivaling the Catskills and is ever so much farther from home. The Lake District is the great major poet circuit. The Holy Land is the objective point of the various crusades of Cook's tourists, Chautauqua lecturers, railroad promoters and Zionists.

Modern business organization has placed the touring industry upon a systematic, trust-like basis, which admits of doing the greatest quantity of cathedrals, Madonnas, fiords, crypts, courts, midnight suns, castles and shrines in the least possible number of precious American minutes. Thus a party weeps at the grave of Napoleon at 9.16 Wednesday morning, reveres the O of Giorgio at 11.23 the following Friday, creates an incident at the Vatican on the next Tuesday, and bathes in the River Jordan on the Sunday thereafter.

The cost of a tour may be computed by multiplying the sum allowed for the journey by two and three-quarters and adding one dollar for each garçon, usher, guard, guide and camel-driver in Europe. The benefits of travel are varied and indisputable. In no other way can one collect all the hotel labels of the Continent for his trunk or command so much official and officious attention from the port authorities upon his return home.





THE WANDERLUST

Mormon Missionaries

LET us relieve some anxieties of the venerated *Springfield Republican*, which says:

It appears that there are some 320 American missionaries now at work in Great Britain, against whom there is a strong local prejudice. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London are opposed to their operations, while the British Government is considering whether it can lawfully expel them from the country. Does the fact that these American missionaries are Mormons deprive them of the rights abroad which all other American missionaries in foreign lands enjoy?

We don't believe there are anything like so many Mormon missionaries in Great Britain as "appears." Reed Smoot says the whole Mormon immigration last year did not exceed a thousand persons. It was reported that the Mormons got over three thousand women from England alone, but the Smoot figures look much more probable.

If the proselyting is not going on on too large a scale, the British Government may not think it worth while to expel the Mormon missionaries, but if it does chose to expel them, it will be not as religious teachers, but as misleading emigration agents.

There are no American missionaries in foreign lands that we know of whose errand it is to make converts, females preferred, and bring them to the United States. The Mormon missionaries are in a class by themselves and can be dealt with separately. The objection to them savors of the objection to the traffickers in "white slaves." If any government satisfies itself that these emissaries are recruiting emigrants from its population for purposes of degradation, it can surely expel them. If the Mormons protest, through Smoot, as the *Republican* suggests, they will probably be investigated by our Government before it takes any action in defense of the Mormon elders abroad. We don't believe they want to be investigated, or could stand the federal searchlight.

They can't fight; they cannot make any effectual protest. They can only hide. Their whole proposition is too rotten for anything else. They have got a political church founded on polygamy. If the polygamy has really been cut out of it in theory and practice, their church will die. If it hasn't, they are violators of law and cannot claim the law's protection.

A Motto for Your Wall

IN idleness many discouragements lurk; The very best way to kill time is to work.

AFTER all—J. P. Morgan.



TAKING HIMSELF SERIOUSLY

Conversation on Fifth Avenue



THOSE two old cronies, General Discontent and Popular Unrest, were walking down Fifth Avenue together. They had come from nothing and were going nowhere in particular. As usual, they were simply roaming around looking for a chance to make trouble. They had been chatting about their old sweetheart, Madame Guillotine.

They had tired of her long ago and after they had deserted her she had been compelled to find a place in the employ of the French Government.

"Those were hard days, Pop," said the General. "We didn't have any muck-raking magazines or demagogic yellow journals to help stir things up."

"I don't think it's any easier now," rejoined his companion. "Then the people were half-starved, half-clothed and half-sheltered. No matter how hard or how long they worked they couldn't get even the necessities of life, much less the comforts. Now, any man who is willing to do an honest day's work can get a day's pay for it. Our only friends are the fellows who don't want to work or who don't know how to work and who want the Government or some one else to support them. Even if there are a lot of half-baked malcontents breaking into print, they can't help us much. Never in the world's history have so many people been getting so much comfort, and even luxury, with so little exertion and so little equipment for earning a living as they enjoy right now and right here in the United States of America. You can't make a fellow who's well fed and comfortable think he's being very badly abused."

"You're wrong, Pop. It's all a matter of degree. In the old times we were able to make those who had nothing hate every one who had anything. Now all we have to do is to make the fellow who has something hate the fellow who has more. That's easy. It's no trouble to create hatred in the breast of the day-laborer who'd like to have the job of the union man with his big wages, his eight hours a day and double pay for overtime and holidays. Same way with the fellow who gets only fifteen hundred a year when the man over him draws ten thousand. Or the man with two automobiles and a country place and the

other fellow with eight automobiles, a steam yacht and country-houses at Newport, Lenox and Palm Beach. It isn't what a man's got that makes him want to upset things; it's what the other fellow's got."

"That's all right, but how are we going to get to them?"

"Easiest thing you know. In the rapid growth of this country there has been a lot of stealing. There's a lot of stealing still going on, but we are beginning to take notice of it. But to make trouble, all we have to do is to keep repeating that every one's a thief. Every pinhead likes to believe that every one who has more than he has stole it. Pretty soon we'll have every one in the country believing every one else is a thief. Then they'll begin to lynch one another, starting in with those who have stolen most, until there will be only one man left and he'll probably go and hang himself, because we will have made him suspect even his own honesty."

"What are you going to do first to spread this Gospel of Hate?"

"You know our old friend, Loose Thinking?"

"Yep."

"Well, printing is so cheap now that he finds it easy to get simple folks to read the kind of stuff he writes. So much so that he has had to get his old pals, Inaccurate Statement and False Conclusion, to help him. The whole

bunch are working for our friends, Socialism and Anarchy. Plain Lie will join the staff presently, and but for one thing we could look forward to a fine old bloody time in the near future."

"What's the one thing?"

"The original Yanks and their descendants are pretty shrewd people. So are the foreigners who have been here long enough to become Americanized. All these realize that we have a pretty good form of government as governments go. They may wake up and conclude to run it themselves instead of letting the lawyers and professional politicians do it for them."

"What have the lawyers got to do with it?"

"Everything. They keep the laws from being enforced and devise schemes to protect the thieves and help them to steal. I tell you, Pop, if we can't stir up a general ruction, it would be mighty easy to organize a lynching bee to string up a few thousand leading lawyers and professional politicians."

"That looks good to me. But say, General, aren't those two fellows in the big automobile friends of ours?"

"Certainlee. It's Pierp Morgan and Jack Rockefeller. Come on. Get busy."

The two old chaps lined up on the curb, and, at the tops of their voices, began to yell:

"Where did they get it? Where did they get it?"

Messaj Fleetcam.



"BAGGAGE TRANSFERRED TO YOUR HOTEL."



SHIPWRECK

Society Note

THE marriage yesterday of Lord Borrowmore, the titled English fortune-hunter, to Miss Goldie Dividends, the wealthy American title-hunter, was a complete success in every way.

Long before daybreak the populace began to gather in front of the Church of the Sacred Shares. The police had been notified and at ten o'clock three thousand reserves were called out to quell the disturbance.

Promptly at one thirty the newspaper correspondents arrived and took their places at various vantage points. At two the newspapers began to issue extras and continued to do so at half-hour intervals throughout the entire afternoon and well into the evening.

Although the rehearsal had been held the day before, there was a preliminary ceremony for the benefit of the moving picture rights. This was held just before the regular ceremony, in order that the crowds might be included.

As Miss Dividends has never been known to appear twice in the same costume, she then went home and donned an entire new outfit, Lord Borrowmore chatting pleasantly with the reporters in the meantime. At three thirty Miss Dividends arrived and was interviewed.

At four o'clock the ceremony took place and they all went home to breakfast, before and after which they made statements to the press.

Shortly after dusk, the happy couple, accompanied by a retinue of reporters, left on the honeymoon, an entire clean liner having been engaged for that purpose.

As the couple is now well known to the police, it is understood there will be no further trouble.

The Vagabond Vicarious

WANDER, Mr. Would-Be-Rover, wander all you want to wander,
Hit the trail the wide world over to the land of "Way out yonder";
Go and seek the sizzling tropics or the source of Borealis,
Go and talk on many topics to the Shogun in his palace;
Roam the open road and free one—never mind the wind or weather—
Talk to hoboes—go and be one; quit your job and slip your tether;
Seek the Southern seas so mellow; seek the lands of dream and myth, you
Truly ought to go, old fellow, but I guess I won't go with you!

For I love to hear the poet as he sings his little carol
Telling how he hopes to go it in his vagabond apparel,
But I know, on closer study, I should find the trip unpleasant
When the roads were very muddy and the unromantic peasant
Took us for the genus vagrant and pursued us helter-skelter,
Swearing 'twas a crime most flagrant that we used his barn for shelter;

Oh, it's great, I don't deny it—all this talk of "hearts uncaring,"

But I guess I'll let you try it—you can write me how you're faring.

You can hike along the highways just as far as you can toddle,
But your ways will not be my ways; I am such a mollicoddle
That I fear my feet would gall me as we skipped o'er vale and hummock

And the road would cease to thrall me if I had an empty stomach.

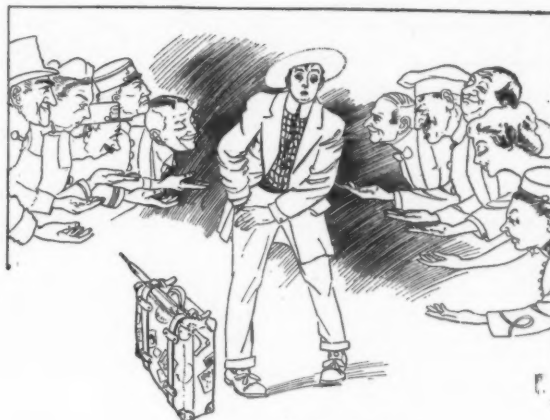
So I'll stay right here, my brother, putting down my three meals daily,

While you take some trail or other, with a heart that's beating gaily,

While you—what? You've thought it over, and you guess you'll do without it?

That's the way! Don't be a rover; stay at home and read about it!

Berton Braley.



PALMY DAYS ABROAD

Extract from tourist's diary:

I Was Received Everywhere With Outstretched Hands



WHERE THE BIRD-MAN WILL BUILD HIS NEST

Our Spring Maneuvers

"The Guggenheim interests are responsible for the attitude of Washington."—*Daily Papers.*

"FOR God and country!" Thus of yore
 Our armies fought, or thought they fought;
 So were the Bunker Hill men told;
 So were the Lundy's Lane lads taught;
 So Mr. Drake sang; now, alas,
 He'd have to turn a newer rhyme:
 At least to Mexico we go
 For God and Mr. Guggenheim.

O, hero, when the cannon's lips
 Breathe upon yours their fatal breath,
 When, by the white Sierra peaks,
 You meet, face front, a glorious death.
 How splendid then for you to think:
 "Writ on the changeless page of time
 My name shall rank 'mid those who fell
 For God and Mr. Guggenheim!"

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Life's Fashion Reform League

Our Barefoot Department Now in Full Blast—Must Be Seen to Be Appreciated



OUR BAREFOOT MOVEMENT

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED IF YOUR FIGURE IS NOT SO GOOD AS IN NUMBER THREE. OBSERVE NUMBERS ONE AND TWO AND CHEER UP

IT is now coming to be generally recognized that in its mission to achieve the ideal of the highest art in the styles of woman's clothes, this League stops at nothing.

Our new buildings in Life Park (formerly Central) are now practically all complete, and we shall erect no more for the present.

We are glad to inform every one that a sufficient space remains in which to permit our patrons to take advantage of the new movement in æsthetic evolution, namely, the common or Mary Garden art barefoot movement.

The style of dancing in bare feet has now come to be on a firm foundation, no lady wearing shoes when performing. It has remained for us to make this style general.

If dancing in bare feet is high art, then it is equally high art to go about in bare feet.

The shoemakers of America are against us, but we are here for a purpose.

The human foot is the embodiment of

grace; that it has been hidden so long is due to many influences. But at last it shall be free.

We have set aside a large tract where our patrons can practice walking in bare feet every morning. In six weeks more we expect to get a permit to lay carpets down Fifth Avenue. Some of our society leaders will then have an opportunity to parade without inconvenience.

Paris is now aping us. The following cable speaks for itself:

"PARIS, March 28, 1911.

"Several ladies appeared at the race track barefooted to-day. They attracted considerable attention. Free credit is accorded to America for originating this unique custom."

Yesterday the Chiropradists' Union presented us with a silver cup, which now occupies a prominent place in the entrance to our beautifying establishment (formerly the Metropolitan Museum of Art).

Those ladies who wish to join the barefoot contingent should apply in per-

son at our main office, just off Fifth Avenue. We have suitable instructors constantly in attendance.

It should be thoroughly understood that this movement is not to be confounded with the Kneipp cure. That consists in walking in the grass in the evening or early morning, when the dew is on the grass. That is strictly for health—this is for art and beauty.

Dancing in bare feet has hitherto been confined to the stage and summer resorts. Hereafter it will be a symbol of the highest social and æsthetic fashion. Our motto is "Feet for Art's Sake."

On rainy days sandals will be worn. These are of all shades and material, but white satin is recommended for all ladies under forty.

Meanwhile, we call attention to the universal success attending upon our new bathing-suit costumes, which are now seen in every possible shape.

The objections brought against this innovation, we are happy to say, have all been met.

They are just as expensive, or more so, as any other kind of clothes.

They offer as great a variety in material. One of our latest models—made of corroded bronze with a mousseline de soie overskirt and prune satin fringes, ornamented with Directoire revers, with twelve tassels of *aqua marine* door knobs, cut bias and laid on a *moyen âge* background, has been universally admired.

In the early spring days many exclusive ladies are wearing ermine-trimmed bathing suits, with sable capes.

Our new motor models are now in and on inspection. We have introduced this season a gunny-bag hobble motor coat, lined with silver lace, and skunk skin quilted into the gunny-bag for warmth. It envelops the figure completely and has been made waterproof with spar varnish.

Some of our children's models are also out, but the Easter models for misses of under eight will not be announced for another fortnight. For misses from eight to twelve we have designed a simple little twelve-hundred-dollar costume, to be worn at school, and one slightly more elaborate, for church wear, for only eighteen hundred. These should be seen to be appreciated. A Newport lady writes as follows:

"I cannot thank you enough for hav-

ing solved the problem of my children's clothes. My little eight-year-old girl attended a cotillion last night in one of your thousand-dollar models and excited so much envy as almost to lead to a riot. And how they do love to go bare-foot!"

Among other innovations we have introduced this year, we might mention our butler's wardrobe. The dressing of a butler has hitherto been a problem of no mean proportions. Butlers, as a rule, present such an imposing appearance that they are apt to cast mere money in the shade. Our new butler's costume, number three, is made of pure white satin, trimmed with red valenciennes. It gives the butler a distinctive appearance and yet keeps him where he belongs.

Ladies of America—one and all!—do



BUTLER'S COSTUME TRIMMED WITH RED VALENCIENNES

you realize what this League is doing for you? American inventiveness with regard to woman's clothes has at last asserted itself. We are now originating all of our own fashions without help from abroad, and we are doing it in a radical manner never before dreamed of.

The best thing about it all is the enthusiasm of the American men.

"It costs a few thousand more a year to clothe my wife," writes the husband of one of our leading patrons, "but it is worth it. My wife is so different each week that I haven't even wanted to get married again since you began your grand work."

This is the main point. By constantly



Old Friend of Family to Successful Authoress: "IF I WAS IN YOUR PLACE, MARGIE, I'D MARRY SOME RICH FELLOW. JUST THINK! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO WRITE ANY MORE OF THEM STORIES."

changing the appearance of our ladies, they no longer tire the men. Hitherto leading fashions have lasted several months. Now they are likely to change at any moment.

Drop in any morning and watch the parade of our leading models through Life Park (formerly Central). It's worth seeing.

Travel at Home

"WHENEVER I get the wanderlust," says the philosopher, "I get the cook to burn the steak and serve me some coffee that tastes as though it had brown paper in it. Then I sit in the most uncomfortable chair in the house and try to read a newspaper in a poor light. I then go outdoors and let a cinder blow in my eye, then go back in and go to bed on a cot that is four inches too short and a foot too narrow for me, with covers that gather themselves about my waist and leave my feet bare, while a clever contrivance sends alternate hot and cold blasts across me. Next morning I have indigestion, a sore eye and a cold, and a fine assortment of aches and pains, but I also have all the sensations of having been on a trip and am spared the worry of getting home again, for I am already there."

MOTTO for the dining saloon of an ocean steamship: "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."

Federal Limitation of Capital

SENATOR CUMMINS, leading Republican Insurgent, believes, as quoted in a long piece in the *Sunday World*, that it is of vast importance to keep alive business competition. He admits that it is difficult and that the anti-trust law, though it has done much good, does not do it. He would have "a direct (Federal) regulation imposed on persons or corporations engaged in interstate commerce," and a Federal tribunal with power to limit the capital that anybody can employ in interstate or foreign commerce. He thinks that "with capital limited and an absolute prohibition of community of interest and combination of any sort," we could introduce into every field of production and sale the competition which the Anti-Trust law is powerless to preserve.

That is a pretty stiff proposition, isn't it? Turn back the hands of the clock, undo the work of Uncle John Rockefeller, disintegrate the Steel Trust and all the other trusts, separate business into its original molecules!

And they tell us that about the only cheap things in the world now are kerosene oil and sugar!

We want very much to have the country reformed and happy, but will Senator Cummins please try out his plan on a model somewhere before he takes our livings all apart to introduce it on us?

Bulls and Bears

SOME of the oldest timers on the street freely acknowledge themselves baffled at what took place last week. Every time a share of stock was sold somebody bought it. Great excitement prevailed. The immediate effect on prices was unmistakable. As fast as stocks went up they went down, and, in some cases, faster.

During the early part of the week London paid no attention, but at ten seventeen on Wednesday, London joined in the fracas and from then on steadily until eleven five Saturday, London sold off and on.

In the meantime, orders for early delivery from the interior began to accumulate. Cause unknown, but it is believed crops had a hand in the matter. Shorts began to uncover very rapidly. This was in part checked, however, with the appearance of the *Outlook*, which contained an article on "The Songbirds of the Hackensack Meadows." Prices immediately showed great resiliency and brokers began to sell on bulges.

This, in turn, was checked on Friday by a telegram from Washington confirming the Treaty of Peace between Congress and Mr. Morgan. Under the terms of this treaty, Congress agrees not to do anything during the present session or as long thereafter as possible, while Mr. Morgan agrees to nothing. Prices rebounded. Money became easy in some quarters. Call loans ruled amiably. The ticker ticked on and gold shipments commenced.

Later in the day, however, came the news that Anthony Comstock had raided one of the department stores for selling undergarments. Prices eased off about three-eighths of a point and trading came to a practical standstill.

On Saturday the brokers were cautious and decided to await developments. As



HOLDING UP HANS



ASTRONOMY IS AN INTERESTING STUDY

no developments came, however, they had to be satisfied with the bank statement.
Ellis O. Jones.

On a Gravestone at Syracuse

I EXPECTED it, but I didn't expect it quite so soon.

Even a Funeral

"HOW can you be so cold to me? I would die for you," sobbed his wife.

"I know it," he answered cruelly. "You'd do anything to put me to expense."



Pittsburg Millionaire: "IT'S SPLENDID, OLD CHAP, SPLENDID! JUST LIKE HOME."

Mr. Barry Reports

ALTHOUGH not especially hospitable as yet to the idea of woman suffrage, we have not been disposed to attach much weight to the representations of Mr. Richard Barry that the suffrage has not worked well, so far, in the States where it has been tried. Yet Mr. Barry's disclosures are interesting. He says that Oklahoma, which beat a woman suffrage bill last fall, has one of the best child-labor laws in the country, but that in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho, where women have been voting from forty-one to fourteen years, no such laws are on the statute books. He finds that women workers are not as

well protected in the suffrage States as in New York, Massachusetts, Delaware and Indiana; that juvenile crime prospers in Colorado; that in two elections in Denver, in both of which money was extensively used, money won in the election in which half the voters were women, and lost the election in which 70 per cent. of the voters were men. Mr. Barry tells how he sat in an office for ten days before election and saw the Denver women voters stream in to sell their votes for an average sum of ten dollars apiece. "Occasionally, when a woman was a precinct captain, she got twenty-five dollars."

We suppose these stories are true (though, of course, they will be dis-

puted) and to any one who imagines that woman suffrage would drag a political millennium in on us by the ears, they may be instructive. But suffragists would argue that these ill results of woman suffrage only show the need of it; that only the foolish expect the millennium to come with women's votes, and that it is idle to expect important good results from votes for women until women have been trained and exalted by voting. They will argue that one of the chief reasons for giving votes to women is to develop in them political integrity and responsibility.

We see no probability of such a result, and no need at all of going to such expense of time, labor and money to attain it even if it can be attained. The belief in woman suffrage, like the belief in immortality, is chiefly a matter of faith. We would not like to base an argument for immortality on the demonstrations of the Spiritualists, nor an argument against votes for women on such reports as Mr. Barry's. If women voted far better than he says and far better than men do, we might still argue that they could not afford to take the suffrage.

The reason is that politics is as male a job as exists. Women have a share in all the male tasks. There are none of them that some women cannot do, and most of them a small proportion of the women can do better than a large proportion of the men. Nevertheless it pays to leave the men their jobs. In Dutch Guinea there are native people now living in the Stone Age. They have no metals. The women do all the work and support the men, who fight, for employment, and get drunk for recreation. The progress of civilization seems to have been accompanied by a steady shifting of tasks off of women and onto men, and by a steady enlargement of women's liberties.

Let that work go on, ladies, as it has been going. Those of you who are reaching out after man's job of practical politics and government are taking the back track. Politics is a detail of life, but life itself is largely in your hands. Do not distract your strength from that vast charge to any detail.

Superlative

SMITH (to member of vested choir): I hear you've got a new tenor in the choir. What kind of a voice has he? Good?

JONES: Good? I should say so! It's so good none of the other tenors will speak to him.



HISTORIC AFFINITIES

MRS. HETTY GREEN AND LUCULLUS

Sobered

JUST think of it—twenty thousand United States soldiers down on the Mexican border, and pictures of them in all the papers, and the Hearst papers have not yet declared war! Colonel Hearst is not the fire-eater he was in '98, when he poulticed Cuba and brought her troubles to a head just in time for Colonel Roosevelt to lance them.

President Taft seems to be in charge of our relations with Mexico. Seems funny, remembering '98, to see the newspapers allowing the Government to assume so much responsibility!

Law Question

TRouble, the papers say, between the late seller and the reputed buyers of the Hope diamond!

Maybe it is unlucky, but it gives off advertisement as radium gives off light, without perceptible diminution to itself.

If the McLeans should return the jewel and refuse to pay, could Cartier recover damages for the advertising they deducted from it?

"Stung"

TEACHER: Tommy, do you know, "How doth the little busy bee?"

TOMMY: No; I only know he doth it!



WHY RIDICULE WOMAN, WHEN THE LARGEST AND MOST POWERFUL BEAST IS ALSO TERRIFIED AT THE SIGHT OF ONE



WE ARE COMING TO IT

"MARY'S DREADFULLY OLD-FASHIONED; SHE STILL INSISTS ON WEARING BLOOMERS!"



Religion and Vaudeville in Contrast



THE world has never lacked reformers whose pleasure it has been to make other persons uncomfortable by their energies in carrying out their self-appointed missions. Here was *Thais*, for instance, enjoying life in her happy little home in Alexandria until the unpleasant *Daniel*, unshaven and unmanicured, came out of his monkery in the desert of Thebes, and, by hanging around her front gate and addressing unpleasant remarks to her every time she hove in sight, gave her the horrors and convinced her that the life she was leading was not exactly according to Hoyle. So up she gets and travels off with him to a convent, where she changes her comfortable and becoming, though scanty, garments for the starched things of a nun and promptly dies from the shock. This robs *Daniel* of his job and the audience is left wondering whom he will annoy next.

Lacking the analysis of motives that Anatole France put into his story of "*Thais*," the only inference from Mr. Wilstach's well Englished play is that *Daniel*, who had seen *Thais* before he became a monk, had devoted a good part of his monk's leisure to thinking about her charms and that like other reformers he was not entirely unselfish in going about his mission to take the lady away from her surroundings. In fact he admits in the end that he has fallen in love with her, which would rather have destroyed his usefulness as a monk if she had not opportunely passed away.

EVEN with liberal helps from the music of Massenet's opera, the play of "*Thais*" does not stir one deeply. It may be that with better interpreters of emotion than Constance Collier and Mr. Tyrone Power, who have the two principal parts, there still remains doubt that there could be much sympathy with the carrying away of a young and beautiful woman from the sunshine to immure her in the cloistered and melancholy shadow. She may not have enjoyed the sunshine in the way she should have, but life imprisonment seemed too severe a sentence for living her life in a way which was extremely fashionable in Alexandria. And Mr. Power, although impressive in speech and dignified in bearing, seemed hardly a logical and certainly not an attractive motive for the abrupt change in *Thais*'s career. However, she was perhaps tempted by the masculinity of the monk, contrasted with the sybaritic effeminacy of the Alexandrian as exemplified by Mr. Arthur Forrest.

"*Thais*" is lavishly staged, but simple as the story is, it lacks motive for its events and therefore, on account of failing to supply logical conviction in its plot or emotional conviction in its interpretation, it fails to hold the interest.



THE amount of all sorts of entertainment piled onto the stage of the new entertainment place called the Winter Garden, accounts for the repeated postponements of the opening of that resort. And the opening should

have been postponed a little longer—just long enough to cut out about a third of what was offered. Then there would have been more than enough of what was good and the first audience would have been spared some bunches of stupidity which it seems absurd that any manager of intelligence should offer to an up-to-date New York audience.

It is to be hoped that for the good of the enterprise and the enjoyment of its patrons, the features supplied by a negro minstrel of the vintage of 1868, the voiceless efforts of a diminutive couple called *Tempest* and *Sunshine*, the unfunny Jewish fun of a Mr. Barney Bernard, and the amateurish dancing of the Hess Sisters will have been eliminated from the programme by the time this appears. Tortajada, an imported Spanish luxury who used to be attractive, might also be spared, as well as Kitty Gordon's stupid song in the character of Gaby de Lys.

This would bring the entertainment down to its really excellent features, the first of which was an exquisitely mounted little operetta with the scene set in the native quarter of Hong Kong. Its book by Messrs. Fleming and Voegtlin, set to considerably better than average music by Mr. Manuel Klein, told a cogent little story and made only too little use of the voice of Mme. Jacoby. The medley which followed consisted of eleven scenes laid in Paris. It introduced whole regiments of chorus girls in very handsome or very scant costumes, and scattered through it were the vaudeville features, many of which, as said before, must have been chosen by some one with a distinct love for stupidity and vaudeville as it is done at the moving-picture shows.

The finales of each of the two acts are brilliant and well done. One represents a students' ball and the other a ballet at the Marigny. Another picturesque feature was a formal duel with swords between women. With a little more elaboration this could be made a highly effective feature. The other scenes about Paris were added to by the singing of Dorothy Jardon, the dancing of Mlle. Dazie, the refreshing

good looks of Jean Aylwin and the always reliable "coon" humor of Stella Mayhew. The best fun of the evening was furnished by a Parisian cab-horse, but the names of the two artists who played the part were omitted from the programme.

The Winter Garden has an attractive auditorium and is conveniently located. In spite of the evidently lavish expenditure on the great mass of entertainment offered for its opening, there was an evident lack of judgment in selection. If the place is to become anything but an ordinary vaudeville house it will have to add to its forces some one who can get away from the old ideas and supply something in the way of originality. "Quality as well as quantity" might be a good motto for the house.



GETTING BACK AT SI.

Motorist: SIR, I FIND ON EXAMINING YOUR \$200 PRIZE COW WE UNFORTUNATELY STRUCK, THAT IT HAS DROPSY OF THE EQUILIBRATOR AND JAUNDICE OF THE MAGNETO, THE PENALTY EXACTED BY THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH FOR HAVING SUCH AN ANIMAL IN ONE'S POSSESSION BEING \$500 IN EITHER CASE. NOW HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE ME NOT TO REPORT THIS AFFAIR?

OLDSTERS will be carried back in years and the youngsters will learn something about the kind of music their daddies used to enjoy if they go to the Majestic to hear Balfe's "The Bohemian Girl," as produced by the Aborn Opera Company. In spite of our musical advancement under the tuition of Wagner, Puccini, Strauss, *et al.*, "The Heart Bowed Down," "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and "Then You'll Remember Me" have not entirely lost their appeal. *Devilshoof* is still sinister and the red stockings of *The Queen of the Gypsies* are as brilliant as ever they were. Horses and other animals, including a real actor dog, are introduced for spectacular effect, and the joy is enhanced by the inclusion of a miniature ballet. If one is not too insistent on Metropolitan standards, this presentation of "The Bohemian Girl" is good old-fashioned opera.

the first two are compelled or permitted to do so much acting in their rôles. They each elaborate every detail to the point of fatigue. It is fortunate for them that that scholarly stage director, Mr. Abe Erlanger, is not allowed to apply to them his only theory of acting, which is embodied in the direction, "Faster, d—n you, faster."

"The Confession" is an excellent play for critics in the season of Lenten penance. *Metcalf.*

P. S.—Forgive haste. The circus has come to town.

vival of his own play, "Held by the Enemy." *Gaiety*—"Excuse Me." Much fun with life on the Overland Limited.

Garden—Mildred Holland in "The Triumph of an Empress." Notice later.

Globe—Last week of "The Slim Princess." Elsie Janis and Mr. Joseph Cawthorn in diverting musical piece.

Hippodrome—"Marching Through Georgia" added to the usual ballet, circus and spectacle.

Hudson—"Nobody's Widow." Well acted and amusing American comedy, with Blanche Bates and good company.

Hackett—"Over Night." Slender farce, a trifle risky.

Herald Square—"Everywoman." Interesting and illuminating morality play applied to the New York of to-day.

Knickerbocker—"Chantecler." Rostand's poetical allegory fitted over for the American market, with Maude Adams in the title part.

Lyceum—Mrs. Fiske in her effective impersonation of Becky Sharp.

Lyric—"The Deep Purple." New York's "badger" game exploited in well acted melodrama.

Madison Square Garden—Barnum and Bailey's circus.

Majestic—Aborn Opera Company in spectacular presentation of Balfe's "The Bohemian Girl" in English. See above.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Gamblers." Very well staged drama with modern financial methods as its theme.

Nazimova—"As a Man Thinks," by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Cleverly written and well acted drama with the Jewish race question in America as a side issue.

New—Repertory including "The Piper" and "The Blue Bird." Two of the best things done by the New Theatre.

Republic—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Charlotte Thompson's pleasant and wholesome dramatization of the well-known stories of New England child life.

Wallack's—"Pomander Walk." Uniquely staged and well acted romantic comedy of life in England a century ago.

Winter Garden—Vaudeville and reviews on an elaborate scale. See above.

UNLESS one is a Roman Catholic "The Confession" is nothing but the crudest melodrama. If one is a Catholic, it might be imagined that the constant introduction of the symbols of that faith and the repeated use of its most sacred institutions for stage effect would prove rather shocking. LIFE is so frequently rebuked by Roman Catholics for well intended references to their church, that it is difficult to understand why this free employment of its spiritual properties on the stage has not created a whirlwind of protest.

The play enlists the services of such competent artists as Messrs. Theodore Roberts, Orrin Johnson, and Mr. Ralph Delmour. It is to be wondered whether



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor—"The Boss," Mr. Sheldon's drama of low politics, with Mr. Holbrook Blinn's good work in the title part.

Belasco—"The Concert." Well acted and laughable comedy with a satirical drive at one of women's weaknesses.

Broadway—"The Hen-Pecks." Musical show, elaborately staged, and with Mr. Lew Fields as the comedian.

Casino—"The Balkan Princess." Comic opera with stirring Hungarian music, and Louise Gunning in the leading part.

Cohan's—"Get Rich Quick Wallingford." Funny exposé of the confidence man and his methods.

Comedy—"I'll Be Hanged if I Do." American light comedy with Mr. William Collier's individual brand of fun.

Criterion—"Thais," with Miss Constance Collier. See above.

Daly's—"Baby Mine." Farcical comedy laughably portraying a dilemma of the newlywed.

Empire—Mr. Gillette as the hero in a re-



"And They Lived Happily E

LIFE.



Lived Happily Ever After"



WE dwellers in modern cities pay, without knowing it, the penalties of our opportunities. One of these penalties is that, living among marvels, we lose the habit of being humble before the marvelous. What with seeing our winter streets invaded, from time to time, by hoarse-voiced vendors whose trays are spread with orchids from the Amazon, we no longer know that when in spring the mountain labors and brings forth a violet a miracle has been wrought. It would, therefore, be disingenuous of us to complain because a book like *Marie-Claire* (George H. Doran Company), the exquisite autobiographical self-expression of the Parisian seamstress, Marguerite Audoux—a book that would once, violet-like, have bloomed unnoticed, yet slowly have pervaded the world with its perfume—comes to us heralded by the brazen trumpets of publicity and promotion and cried by the familiar voice of the hawkers of orchids. This is, in a sense, a desecration; and as such we instinctively resent it. But it is also the price of modernity, and we had best pay it smiling. Meanwhile it is indicative of many things, both as to the quality of *Marie-Claire* and as to the surviving qualities in ourselves, that although, after the fashion of our day, we find the book by following the band, we have still the grace to stand bareheaded before the beauty of what Arnold Bennett has called a "divine accident."

But *Marie-Claire* is not an accident. There are no accidents. It is an account, exquisitely simple, utterly matter-of-fact, yet somehow radiantly imaginative, of the childhood and youth of its author; of her child life from five to fifteen in an orphanage managed by nuns; of her girlhood's term as shepherdess and servant on a farm in Sologne; of her meeting with love and death and the world, and her flight from all three to Paris and the unknown. In form it is little more than an epitome. In effect it is little less than an illumination. For there is no one of us who, in the sense of Christ's words, has ever been "a little child," who has not, in some degree and for a season, looked at life through the naïf eyes of *Marie-Claire* and understood it with her wise ignorance. But there are few who have remembered. And there is not another who, having retained the vision, has achieved its perfect expression.

John Raphael's English version is, perhaps, as good as we could expect. It has at least avoided doing violence to the general spirit of the book; and viewed, if one may so express it, from a little distance, it suggests the texture if not the quality of the original. But the translation, for all that, is wretchedly inadequate. It loses (what possibly nothing but another "divine accident" could retain) the omnipresent yet intangible implications that inhabit the words and haunt the interstices of inspired prose. And one notes, with shame and hilarity combined, that the irrepressible pruriency of

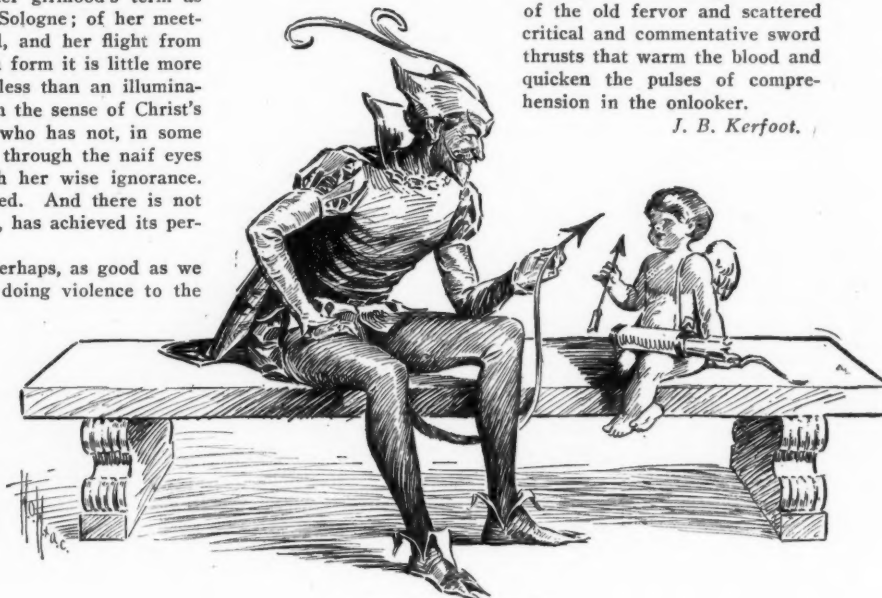
Anglo-Saxondom has been unable to pass even this impeccable and translucent image of childish innocence and primordial purity without performing operations on the text.

WHATEVER Mr. Gilbert Chesterton may turn out, in the retrospect, to have stood for to his generation, there is one thing that there is no ambiguity about his having stood up for. He found the fame of Charles Dickens relegated to that limbo to which the violent reactions of popular favor consign their overwrought enthusiasms, there to await the last trump of critical judgment. And if (being human in spite of our occasional suspicions to the contrary) he has not actually hastened the resurrection, he has at least made a noise like a trumpet. Mr. Chesterton used never to be more delightful than when, entering the lists with the colors of some beloved predilection flying from his lance, he waged reckless battle under the guise of polite jousting. It was then, when a hint of the Berserker was to be caught through the vizor of the knight errant, that we leaned forward to watch his verbal sword play. And he never fought with more reckless and effective valor than when his battle cry was "A Dickens! A Rescue!"

In these days there is more of the fencing master than of either the Berserker or the knight errant about Mr. Chesterton. But in the recently published *Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens* (Dutton, \$2.00), a collection of papers written in Mr. Chesterton's later manner and originally used as prefaces to a popular edition of the

novels, there are frequent flashes of the old fervor and scattered critical and commentative sword thrusts that warm the blood and quicken the pulses of comprehension in the onlooker.

J. B. Kerfoot.



A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE



Customs Officer: BABY BORN AT HOME OR ABROAD?
Mother: ABROAD.
"WELL, YE'LL HAVE TO PAY DUTY ON IT."

Confidential Book Guide

The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California, by Theodore H. Hittell. An interesting and authentic record of frontier life, reproduced from an early and rare edition.

Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens, by G. K. Chesterton. See above.

Howard's End, by Edward M. Forster. One of the least spectacular but most satisfying of the season's novels.

The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn, edited by Elizabeth Bisland. A fascinating pot-pourri of criticism, comment, narrative, and discussion.

Jean Christophe, by Romain Rolland. A translation of four out of the ten volumes of a recent French novel that has attracted wide attention and seems to merit it.

Justice, by John Galsworthy. The text of a play that has been produced with great success in England and may be read with fictional interest.

Marie-Claire, by Marguerite Audoux. See above.

Mr. Ingleside, by E. V. Lucas. An informal story in which we are admitted to pleasant company and made members of a coterie of bookworms.

The New Machiavelli, by H. G. Wells. The autobiography of an exiled English statesman. The most mature and significant of Mr. Wells's writings.

One Way Out, by William Carleton. The vivid narrative of a New England clerk's successful escape from an economic no-thoroughfare.

The Phantom of the Opera, by Gaston Leroux. A terrible, but typical, example of where competition is carrying the "novel of adventure."

The Rosary, by Florence L. Barclay. A "perfectly lovely" piece of sentimental taffy-on-a-stick. Pure sugar and quite harmless, but don't swallow the stick.

The Winning Fight, by Herbert Kaufman. Sparks from a verbal dynamo. Collected editorials on personal efficiency.

Looks Like Taft

G IFFORD PINCHOT says of the Republican candidate for 1912:

First, he must have wisdom, courage, and genuine devotion to the welfare of the people.

Second, he must be a progressive, and stand for popular government.

Third, he must be a leader, whom the voters will follow with enthusiasm.

Fourth, he must offer the party he is to lead a fair chance to win.

The headline gentlemen, with some unanimity, put at the top of the ex-Forest's remarks:

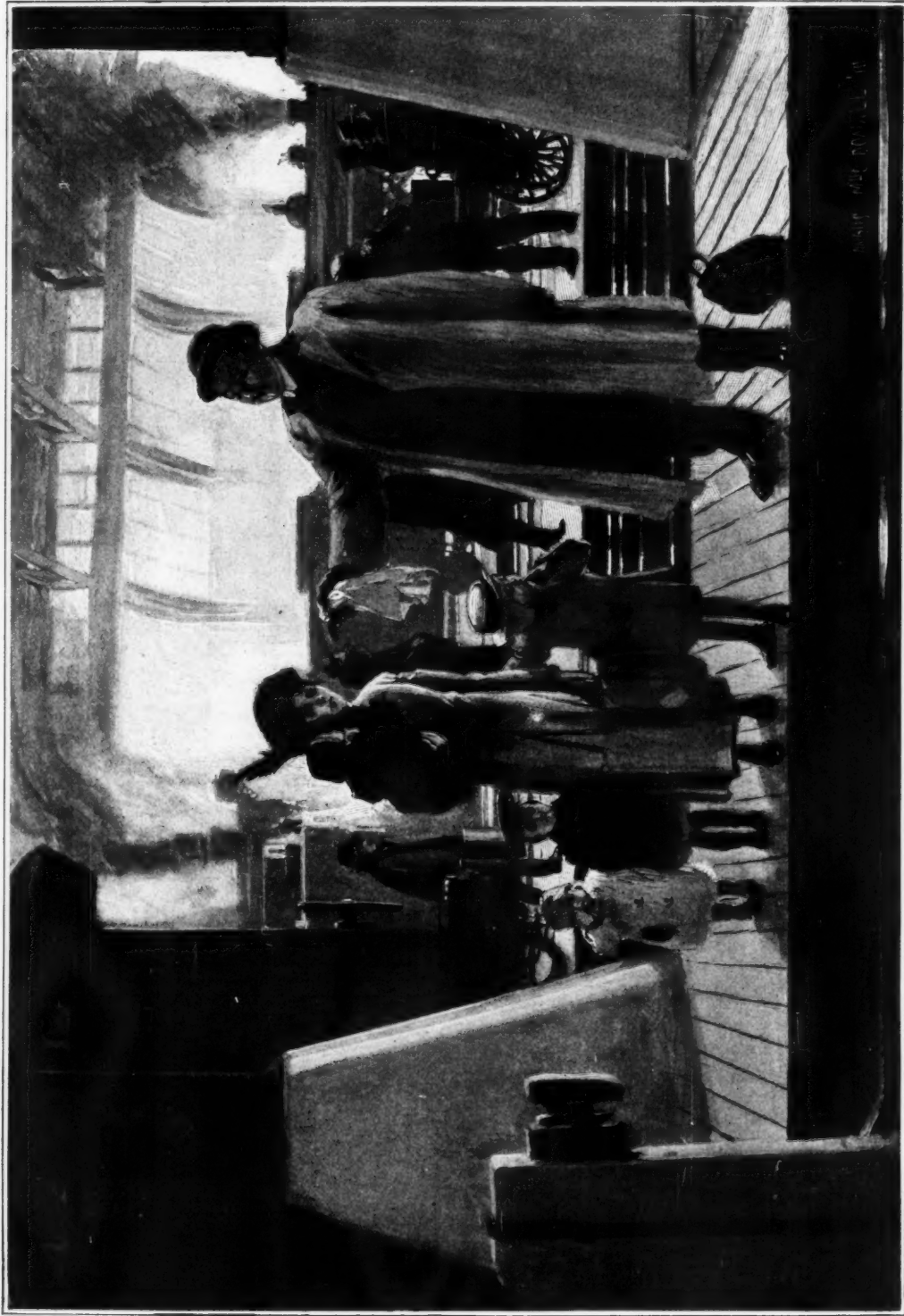
HIS MAN SEEMS TO LOOK LIKE COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

To us, now, his man looks as much like Pinchot as he does like Roosevelt, and as much like Taft as he does like either of those others.

Indefinite

"WHAT trust?"
"The hog trust."
"Oh, be specific!"





Husband (to wife, after missing train): Mary! why—in—the—deuce—can't—you—hurry?

Ola

BLITHELY beautiful was Ola;
 She could play the pianola,
 Listen to the big victrola,
 Cook meals by a kitchenola,
 Get hats from a millinola,
 Dresses from a modistola,
 Learned things from a tutorola,
 Danced as per a terpsichola,
 Won games on a bridgewhistola,
 Motored in an automola,
 Played golf with a linkerola,
 Thought thoughts with a menta-
 lola,
 Wrote things with a chirog-
 rola—
 But, alas, unhappy Ola
 Couldn't find a husbandola!



"THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME AND I DID EAT."

People I Would Rather Not Know

By A. BLOODGOOD DAMPER



A. Bloodgood Damper

I WOULD rather not know Oscar Hammerstein. He has been associating with prima donnas so long that he has undoubtedly rubbed off much of their temperaments. Now, is there anything worse than a transferred artistic temperament? Yes, the original one. But even thus transferred once, it is bad enough. I shouldn't know what to say to Oscar Hammerstein. I should have an uncomfortable feeling that he would expect me to congratulate him upon something—possibly upon himself. If not that, he would expect me to talk about himself. But I do not want to talk about Oscar Hammerstein. Why should I want to talk about Oscar Hammerstein, when I can talk about Oscar Strauss or Oscar Wilde or Oscar sauce? Never! By not knowing him, not only do I not have to talk about him, but I do not have even to think of him. I am not even thinking of him now as I write this.

I DO not care to know Mr. George Gould, because I have never been able to discover that anything which he has ever done would be likely to develop within him the kind of thing that would interest and amuse me. Not that this is anything against him—it just merely happens that he has been unfortunate in this respect and it is too late for him now to begin all over again just for my sake.

I KNOW absolutely nothing about Mrs. Humphrey Ward. I have never read one of her books and have never read anything about her—how she lives, does her work or eats

and sleeps. All I know is that she is an English novelist who writes books that sell and that have a considerable reputation. If I knew her I should first have to find out about her, because there would be nothing in common between us unless I could compliment her upon what she had done, or at least show some knowledge and appreciation of her work. To do this I would have to give up the time I am now spending in reading the daily papers. Frankly speaking, I do not dare run the risk. It might turn out all right in the end, but life is short and time is fleeting.

I WOULD rather not know Emperor William of Germany, because he never would be able to forget that he is an Emperor. He has been at it so long now that this would be impossible, and so far as he is a man, why there are other men with whom I am quite sure I could pass time more profitably. He is, as a man, a poor artist, a poor writer, he has bad taste, and is, in the bargain, a poor sportsman. Why, then, should I know him?

I DO not see that anything would be gained by my knowing Joe Cannon. Under ordinary circumstances, this might be a good reason for knowing him, provided the things I could obtain from him were interesting, if worthless for practical purposes. But I have a very distinct feeling that even the worthless things that Joe Cannon might impart to me would be uninteresting, not necessarily because they would be reprehensible, but because they would not be founded upon any principle of art. Mr. Cannon is undoubtedly a certain kind of artist in politics, but I am not interested in politics and he is too much a part of them to be anything else that is really worth while. I say this with a perfect appreciation of the fact that I may be doing him an injustice, and yet I do not care, and I do not believe that he does either.



Sparks From Old Anvils



The Hundred Best Books

First there's the Bible,
And then the Koran,
Odgers on Libel,
Pope's Essay on
Man,
Confessions of Rous-
seau,
The Essays of
Lamb,
Robinson Crusoe,
And Omar Khay-
yam,
Volumes of Shelley,
And Venerable
Bede,



Machiavelli,
And Capt. Mayne Reid,
Fox upon Martyrs,
And Liddell and Scott,
Stubbs on the Charters,
The works of La Motte,
The Seasons by Thomson,
And Paul de Verlaine,
Theodore Mommsen,
And Clemens (Mark Twain),
The Rocks of Hugh Miller,
The Mill on the Floss,
The Poems of Schiller,
The Iliados,
Don Quixote (Cervantes),
La Pucelle by Voltaire,
Inferno (that's Dante's),
And Vanity Fair,
Cony-beare, Howson,
Brillat-Savarin,
And Baron Munchausen,
Mademoiselle De Maupin,
The Dramas of Marlowe,
The Three Musketeers,
Clarissa Harlowe,
And The Pioneers,
Sterne's Tristram Shandy,
The Ring and the Book,
And Handy Andy,
And Captain Cook,

The Plato of Jowett,
And Mill's Pol. Econ.,
The Haunts of Howitt,
The Enchiridion,
Lothair by Disraeli,
And Boccaccio,
The Student's Paley,
And Westward Ho!
The Pharmacopœia,
Macaulay's Lays,
Of course The Medea,
And Sheridan's Plays,
The Odes of Horace,
And Verdant Green,
The Poems of Morris,
The Faerie Queen,
The Stones of Venice,
Natural History (White's),
And then Pendennis,
The Arabian Nights,
Cicero's Orations,
Plain Tales from the Hills,
The Wealth of Nations,
And Byles on Bills,
As in a Glass Darkly,
Demosthenes' Crown,
The Treatise of Berkeley,
Tom Hughes' Tom Brown,
The Mahabharata,
The Humour of Hook,



The Kreutzer Sonata,
And Lalla Rookh.
Great Battles by Creasy,
And Hudibras,
And Midshipman Easy,
And Rasselas,
Shakespeare *in extenso*,
And the Æneid,
And Euclid (Colenso),
The Woman Who Did,
Poe's Tales of Mystery,
Then Rabelais,
Guizot's French History,
And Men of the Day,
Rienzi by Lytton,
The Poems of Burns,
The Story of Britain,
The Journey (that's Sterne's),
The House of Seven Gables,
Carroll's Looking-Glass,
Æsop, his Fables,
And Leaves of Grass,
Departmental Ditties,
The Woman in White,
The Tale of Two Cities,
Ships that Pass in the Night,
Meredith's Feverel,
Gibbon's Decline,
Walter Scott's Peveril,
And—some verses of mine.

—Mostyn T. Pigott.

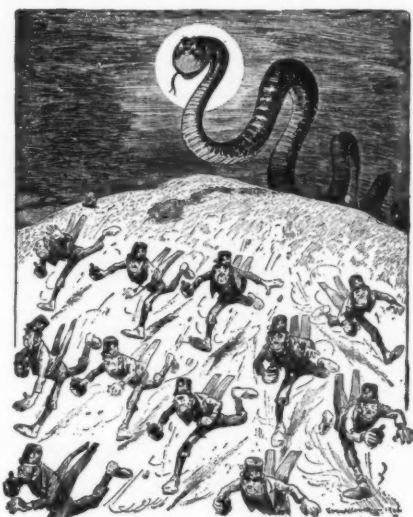
A Claim to Distinction

Sheridan was once asked by a gentleman, "How is it that your name has not an O prefixed to it? Your family is Irish, and no doubt illustrious." "No family," replied Sheridan, "has a better right to an O than ours; for, in truth, we owe everybody."

A Nice Distinction

Ned Shuter thus explained his reasons for preferring to wear stockings with holes to having them darned: "A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman; but a darn is premeditated poverty."

The Last of the Irish Serpents



Sure everybody has heard tell of the blessed St. Patrick, and how he drove the serpents and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland; how he "bothered all the varmint" entirely. But for all that, there was one ould serpent left who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, or made to drown himself. St. Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc, till at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine boulds upon it. So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the serpent used to keep; and the serpent, who didn't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and show his teeth at him like anything. "Oh," says St. Patrick, says he, "where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you? 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you agin the winter; for I'm going to civilize the whole country, man and beast," says he, "and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you." The serpent, hearing such smooth words, thought that though St. Patrick had driven all the rest of the serpents into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the serpent walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the serpent saw the nine boulds upon the chest, he thought he was sould (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could. "'Tis a nice warm house, you see," says St. Patrick, "and 'tis a good friend I am to you." "I thank you kindly, St. Patrick, for your civility," says the serpent; "but I think it's too

small it is for me"—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going. "Too small!" says St. Patrick; "stop, if you please," says he; "you're out in that, my boy, anyhow—I am sure 't will fit you completely; and I'll tell you what," says he, "I'll bet you a gallon of porter," says he, "that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you." The serpent was as thirsty as could be with his walk; and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St. Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. "There, now," says he, "I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail." When what does St. Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and putting his hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a serpent saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of it being whipped off him, and St. Patrick began at once to bould the nine iron boulds. "Oh, murder! won't you let me out, St. Patrick?" says the serpent; "I've lost the gallon like a man." "Let you out, my darling?" says St. Patrick; "to be sure I will, by all manner of means, but you see I haven't time just now, so you must wait till to-morrow." And so he took the iron chest, with the serpent in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the serpent struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man who has heard the serpent crying: "Is it to-morrow, yet?" which, to be sure, it never can be. And that's the way St. Patrick settled the last of the serpents, sir.

—Thomas Crofton Croker, 1798-1854.

Brevity

... I remember a lesson in brevity I once received in a barber's shop. An Irishman came in, and the unsteady gait with which he approached the chair showed that he had been imbibing of the produce of the still run by North Carolina moonshiners. He wanted his hair cut, and while the barber was getting him ready went off into a drunken sleep. His head kept bobbing from one side to the other, and at length the barber in making a snip cut off the lower part of his ear. The barber jumped about and howled and a crowd of neighbors rushed in. Finally the demonstration became so great that it began to attract the attention of the man in the chair, and he opened one eye and said, "Wh-wh-at's the matter wid yez?" "Good Lord!" said the barber, "I've cut off the whole lower part of your ear." "Have ye? Ah, thin, go on wid yer business—it was too long, anyhow!"—Horace Porter.

The Dog in the Country



... A dog is a good thing to have in the country. I have one which I raised from a pup. He is a good, stout fellow, and a hearty barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was a thoroughbred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch-dog, though, for the moment he sees any suspicious-looking person about the premises he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove. First we kept him in the house and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up at the back of the garden and he howled so that our neighbor shot at him twice before daybreak. Finally we gave him away and he came back, and now he is just recovering from a fit, in which he has torn up the patch that has been sown for our spring radishes. . . . —Charles Dudley Warner.

The late Mr. Hayward said of Carlyle that his great aim and philosophy of life was "the smallest happiness of the fewest number."—English Conversational Wit.



THE CARE TAKER

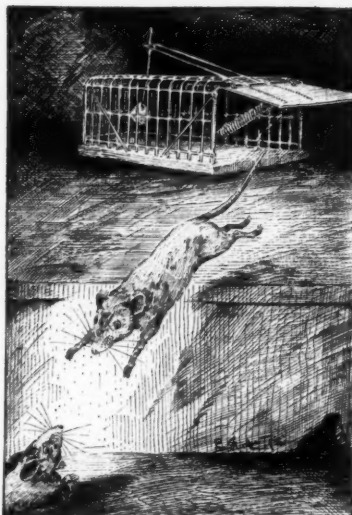
So called by antithesis, because she neither takes care of the furniture, nor of the china, nor of the wine of her employers.—From "Honore Daumier," by E. L. Cary. Copyright, 1907, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.



The Sky Man's Tale

Down in the sky sailors' boardin' house
a tar comes in one day;
His face were white from hunger's blight
when he turned his phiz our way;
And he says: "If you'll give me a glass
of grog I'll tell you my doleful
tale—
How I was marooned and starved till I
swooned on a cloud where the
airships sail."

So we give him two drams with such
good effect that he says: "That
just suits me,"
And his trouses he yanks and mumbles
thanks and reaches for number
three,
And he says: "I was mate of the Wil-
bur First, of which I was mortal
proud,
When a mutiny rose, and with grub and
clothes I was cast on a floatin'
cloud."



"WHAT FRIGHTENED YOU, COUSIN?"
"GHOSTS OF MURDERED MICE IN THAT
HAUNTED HOUSE."

"Now it's fun when you're cast on a
desert isle, and have oysters and
goats to eat,
But takin' a plunge in a big black sponge
would soon have R. Crusoe beat;
So I nearly starved 'fore I finally
flagged a passin' aeroplane;
But the chill and the wet sets me shiv-
erin' yet, so I'll order that drink
again."

—Arthur Chapman in *Denver Republic-
lican*.

A Scriptural Injunction

"Yes, sir," said Dobbleigh, "horses
are ruining my brother Tom. He's
crazy about them. Just paid three thou-
sand for a span of trotters."

"Well, I don't know," said Billups.
"How about yourself? What did you
pay for that touring car of yours?"

"Five thousand dollars," said Dobb-
leigh. "But what—"

"Well, you'd better not criticise the
team in your brother's eye until you
have cast out the motor that is in your
own eye," retorted Billups.—*Harper's
Weekly*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and
British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal
Union \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three
months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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"I'VE TOOK THE PLEDGE, BILL. I'M NEVER GOIN' TO TOUCH
ANOTHER DROP AS LONG AS I LIVE."

"OH! WELL, CHEER UP! MAYBE YE WON'T LIVE LONG."



Good By Injunction

A big negress came before a Virginia judge the other day, seeking redress for domestic troubles.

"I's a wronged woman," she declared in a give-me-back-my-child-you-villain tone, "an' I wants redress fru' dis yere co't."

"Tell me about your trouble," said the kind-hearted judge.

"It's about mah ole man. He's done been ca'yin' on plumb scannalous wif a lot of deese yeh young niggah gals, an' it's got so ba'ad twill I don' see him no moah'n once a week. Sompin's gottah be did!"

"H'm! I see," said the judge. "You are seeking a divorce—a legal separation—is that it?"

"Go 'long, man! Divo'ce nothin'! Think I's gwine t' gib him what he wants, and 'low dat man who, 'spite all his cussedness, is de han'somest niggah in Coon Tree Holler, t' go skyhootin' 'roun' 'mong dem little yaller gals? N', sah! I doan' want no divo'ce, n'r dat legal septitution you-all's talkin' about. N', sah, jedge; what I wants is an injunction."—Lippincott's.

The Correct Answer

"Suppose," asked the professor in chemistry, "that you were summoned to the side of a patient who had accidentally swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?" The student, who, studying for the ministry, took chemistry because it was obligatory in the course, replied: "I would administer the sacrament."—Cosmopolitan.

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The water that keeps you well.

WHAT causes rheumatism, gout, and Bright's disease? Why do stones form in the kidneys and gall-duct? Why is there so much sickness in winter and early spring?

Doctors tell us it is largely because people do not drink the right kind of water, and enough of it.

There's a spring in Virginia that sends up a delightful water,—pure, clear and soft, but with hardly any peculiar taste. You might drink it for years without noticing anything about it, unless it occurred to you to wonder why *you* never had trouble with your liver, kidneys, or bladder,—no gout, no rheumatism, no dyspepsia, no headaches, no digestive or nervous troubles, such as your friends complain of.

Quite likely you might not think of the water as the cause at all.

Most people are not wise enough to keep on drinking when it merely *keeps* them well. In fact, people rarely ask what makes them well until they get sick.

Are you wise enough to use Buffalo Lithia Springs Water merely because when you do you stay well?

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER is a natural mineral water, from the historic Buffalo Lithia Springs in Virginia. It is known the world over for its peculiar medicinal powers, especially in rheumatism, gout, gravel, diabetes, Bright's disease, gall-stones, and all diseases caused by uric acid.

It is bottled in a modern sanitary plant right at the springs, just as it bubbles from the rock, pure and unadulterated, under the direction of a competent bacteriologist.



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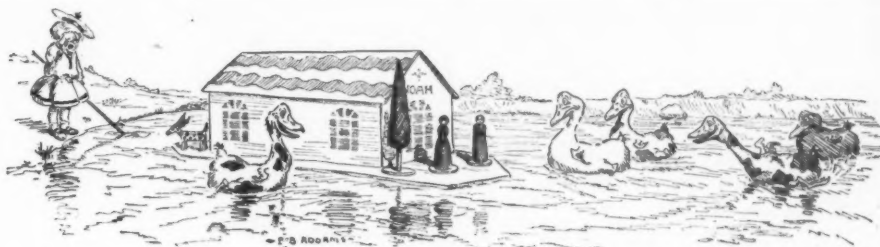
It is sold everywhere by leading druggists, grocers, and mineral water dealers.

Write TO-DAY for booklet telling what this water has done for people with your trouble.

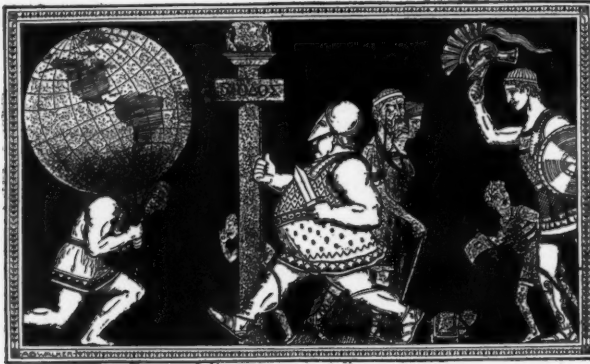
If not on sale near you, write us, giving your dealer's name, and we will see that you are supplied.

Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 15,055.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA



"HI, FELLOWS! THERE MUST BE ANOTHER FLOOD COMING."



The following peculiarly free original version is from a series named "The Greek Theatre Made Easy."

The Alcestis of Euripides

A SENSATIONAL DRAMA.

King Admetus of Thessaly, marked down to die,
Resolved all his friends and acquaintances to try,
And see whether any would go in his stead;
But every one—strange to relate—shook his head,
And quoted the words of an ancient Greek poet,
"Do you see any green, my boy? Not if I know it."
He last tried his wife. She was stately, antique,
Romantic—in fact to the backbone a Greek.
So she loosed her back hair, sent a message to nurse,
Couched, of course, in the purest of Trimeter verse,
Saying: "Send down the children, I'm going the whole hog."
Then Apollo comes in, and delivers the Prologue.

Dan Phœbus was spending a little recess
From above, chez Admetus; and out of his mess
Tried to rescue his host; did, in fact, save his life
By inducing friend Death to put up with the wife;
But failed in persuading that monarch so shady
To give up the hold he possessed on the lady.
They haggled a deal through the opening scene,
When—with infants, and back hair down—enter the Queen.

In a touching farewell, and to all a word civil,
She ended her life; while her lord, with a snivel,
Declared that to part was acutest of pain,
And vowed that he never would marry again;
Concluding: "My dear, I shall order a statue,
That, when you're away, I may seem to look at you,
In fact, shortly after you vanish from hence,
I'll go down to the sculptor's, love. Blow the expense."

Then Alcestis—a model to all married ladies—
Kissed the kids at the footlights, and exit for Hades;
While her spouse still boohoo'd, but grew rapidly cheery,
And the Chorus—a lot of old fogies from Phææ—
Resolving in music their feelings to merge,
Sang, in choicest of Doric, an exquisite dirge;
While papa and the infants skeddaddled; in fact,
Concluded in music the principal Act.

In the next appears Hercules, Lord of the Club,
Who had run down to Phææ, and, scorning the pub,
Took a snack with Admetus—became more than jolly,
And said: "Why, old boy, you appear melancholy."
Then he learnt from the monarch the cause of his woe,
And straight volunteered for the regions below:
"Though you did let your wife die, you selfish old brute, O,
Leave the matter to me. I shall soon settle Pluto."

And he did. When he'd ended his sayings satiric,
The Chorus indulged in a few stanzas, lyric;
When, quite safe and sound, without any mishap,
Two figures came up through—and not in—a trap.
He'd returned with a Woman in White, closely draped,
But just like the Queen all agreed she was shaped;
While some through the veil could see evident traces
Exactly like Miss Florence Cook's Spirit Faces.
Admetus observed: "Of your skill this a test is.
Unveil me the face. Yes, it is my Alcestis!"

So they all fell to feasting, and mirth, and high jinks,
And Hercules, still rather fresh—with strong drinks—
Said: "I've saved you, old boy, your most excellent wife,

Who such premium paid for insuring your life.
Now, I'm off. Mind avoid matrimonial strife."
So he went. And the children kissed mammy and pappy,
And all ever after lived long and died happy.

Fancy Diseases

BY B. P. SHILLABER ("MRS. PARTINGTON")

"Diseases is very various," said Mrs. Partington as she returned from a street-door conversation with Dr. Bolus. "The doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The diseases is so various! One way we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; another way, of the brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head; there, of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sarcofagus, and there another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any diseases nowadays. New names and new nostrils take the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away."

Fifteen minutes afterward Isaac had that herb-bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar window in trying to hit it before the old lady knew what he was about. She didn't mean exactly what she said.

Cause for Thanks

A camp meeting was in progress in the wire-grass region of Georgia. The afternoon service was conducted by Uncle Mose Bradford, an exhorter of extreme piety, but entirely innocent of book learning. He took for his text on this occasion the words of St. Paul: "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

After talking about fifteen minutes on the beauty of contentment from a Christian's point of view, he suddenly announced that he was going to "throw the meeting open." His invitation was: "If you've got anything to be thankful for, git up and say so."

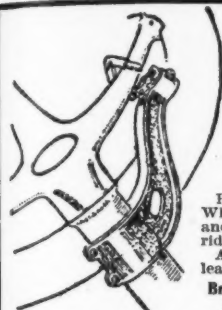
One after another rose and spoke of peace and contentment under circumstances that seemed impossible, judged from a worldly standpoint. Some said they were thankful for things they had missed, and at last an old lady arose, pushed back her sun-bonnet and, with a beaming countenance, triumphantly exclaimed: "Well, Brother Mose, I ain't got but two teeth, but thank God they hit!"

A COUNTRY squire, who had killed a crane, bade his cook roast it. As his master was late to dinner the cook ate one leg, and when the bird was sent up to table and the other leg asked for he replied cranes had only one leg. Out shooting cranes another day with his master he said: "See, sir, they only have one" (for the bird raises one when standing). "S-s-s-s-t!" cried the Squire, and the cranes flew up, each showing two legs. "Oh!" exclaimed the cook, "if you had said 'S-s-s-s-t!' to the one on the dish, he would also have brought out his other leg."

—From the Spanish.

New England Weather

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. (Laughter.) The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. (Laughter.) But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. (Laughter.) It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said: "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety and quantity. (Laughter.) Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. (Laughter.) As to variety—why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity—well, after he had picked out and discarded all that were blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor. . . . —From a speech by Mark Twain.



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Alter Idem ("Same Here")

[The figures recently published show that some 42,000 "illiterates" polled at the last election. The lament of a contemporary, that such voters could not have weighed the evidence on the questions involved, has touched one "literate" to song.]

O horrible! Most horrible! My flesh
Creeps, and a shudder shakes my very
soul,

Noting the awful perils that enmesh
Who comes unlettered to the fateful
poll.

Breathless, his country watches; ah, the
loss

If he should boggle darkling at the
deed!

A nation waits expectant of his cross,
And he—he cannot read.

Think of it, brothers. Down *The Daily
News*

Dripped the old platitude and diatribe;
Daily *The Chronicle* expounded views
Beyond my pencil's power to describe;



DID YOU Get One of These Last Year?

If so, you know its good points already

If not, order one at once from your dealer and qualify for that class of *Considerate Motorists* who are popular with the people and who get the most enjoyment out of their cars.

Ask for

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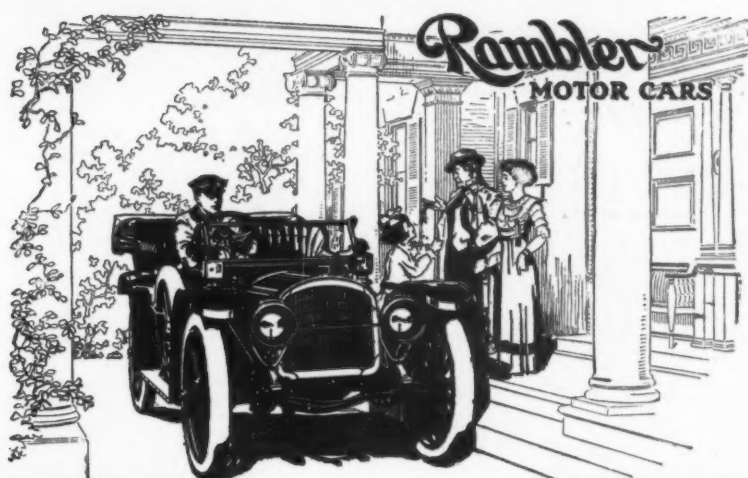
Its strong claims are distinctiveness, efficiency and superiority as an agreeable warning signal—and it makes good every time.

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GREASE GUNS too
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Forty-inch
Wheels

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of New York, 38-40 West 62nd Street, New York

The Telegraph had lessons for us each;
The Mail remembered what *The Globe*
forgot;
Even *The Times* itself made bold to
teach;
And he—he knew it not.

O miserable flotsam! Seas of ink
Bore him unconscious on their useless
tide,
Unable at their worst to make him sink
In floods of yeasty phrases misapplied.

And so, poor clod, untutored and astray,
He gave his suffrage to some empty
name,
Not knowing aught of truth or where
it lay;
And I—I did the same.

—Punch.

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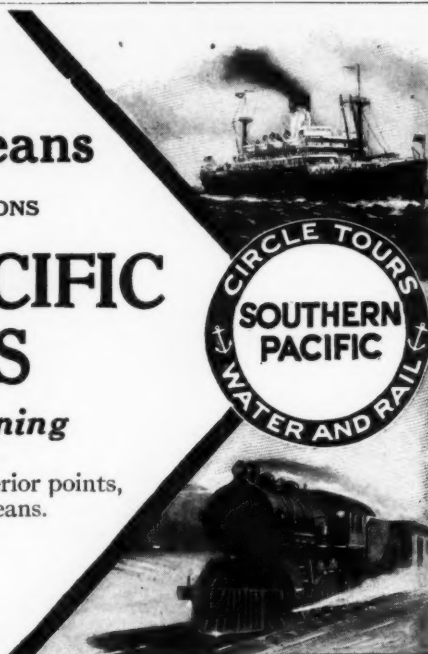
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Quiet Eulogy

A well-known Unitarian minister, called to other duties, preached last Sunday his last sermon before the installation of his successor. The local weekly paper, announcing the order of services, gave it as follows: "Sermon by the Rev. —; solo and quartet, 'Hushed at Length.'"—*Western Christian Advocate*.

Caroni Bitters—Unexcelled with Lemonade, Soda, Gin, Sherry and Whiskey. Indispensable for a perfect cocktail. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrib.

His Motto

"You go around borrowing money, and yet you seem to be prosperous."

"I am."

"How do you manage it?"

"My motto is, 'Always put off till tomorrow those you have done to-day.'"

—*Toledo Blade*.

Foolishness

CONDUCTOR TO PASSENGER: We ran over a cat down the line.

PASSENGER: Was the cat on the line?

CONDUCTOR: Why, of course not. We chased up an alley after her.—*Chicago Daily Socialist*.

Two of a Kind

"Oh, George!" sighed the lovesick maiden, "I'm sure I'm not worthy to be your wife."

"Well," replied George wearily, "I'm not worthy to be your husband, so we're just about matched."—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

Pleaded Case on Merit

A man traveling westward on a through express one day last week left his seat in the crowded dining car just after he had ordered his luncheon. He went to get something he had forgotten in the Pullman.

When he returned, in spite of the fact that he had left a magazine on the chair in the diner, he found a handsomely dressed woman in his place. He protested with all the politeness he could muster, but the woman turned on him with flashing eyes.

"Sir," she remarked haughtily, "do you know that I am one of the directors' wives?"

"My dear madam," he responded, "if you were the director's only wife I should still ask for my chair."—*Philadelphia Times*.

Correct

"What is the best thing to induce chest expansion?"

"Medals."—*Brooklyn Life*.

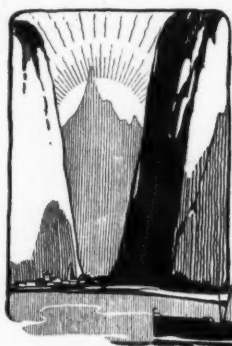
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KING MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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 Will use full page space to tell about the 1912 King "36."



That Socialist Number

DEAR LIFE:

I feel that this letter is an obligation, so please blame yourself and not me for it.

Your Socialist Number, with its keen satire and contents between lines, champions the cause of the oppressed and holds up to ridicule the greedy predatory plutocrat "bald bold" and beautiful. It is good of you to do this, and as a member of the mob, as we of the lower class are sometimes referred to by our more fortunate friends of the upper crust, I wish to thank you for the Socialist Number.

This dog-in-the-manger attitude which prevails among those who produce nothing and squander much will soon convert all of us to Socialism, of course.

We believe in peace, even at a thousand dollars a week; also do we believe in a peace for the thousands who are weak. Libraries, brass ships, scientific charts and immense telescopes are very useful and edifying things, but we would much rather Mr. Carnegie

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has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Taragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as



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and his friends would pass the prunes first. We think we could enjoy the scenery along a Martian canal, trace a chart, or support a library much better on a full tummy. And I dare say that to a sick kid in a flat, a bottle of good rich milk seen through a chunk of ice would far outshine the "Milky Way," as seen through a million-dollar telescope. You, dear LIFE, are doing much to put our "God knows" friends wise to these insignificant, mundane problems that are so easily overlooked, and we are glad.

They would "stamp" you out if they dared, but we think you and your kind are here to stay. Give us more, LIFE, if you please.

Very truly yours,

S. V. ADKINS.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., March 2, 1911.

Some Questions

MR. EDITOR:

If the answer published is the prize answer out of several thousand submitted to the question, Why is a suffragette not qualified to be a wife and mother? then I must say that even he puts up a very poor argument.

Let us speak of this matter of voting. No one has by nature a right to vote—it is an artificial right. Has woman the right to vote as she has the right to the protection of her person, property and

children? Is it necessary for the protection of her rights that she vote? Are her rights as to person, property and children violated under the system in which she is not a voter? Why does it show a combativeness or dictatorial spirit to want what should have been woman's elementary right; a

(Continued on page 641)



"The
 Fringed
 Curtains
 of
 Thine
 Eye
 Advance"

—The Tempest

EYES THAT DAZZLE

with superb beauty are invariably accompanied by long, thick, sweeping lashes and perfect brows. My

LASHGROW TREATMENT

positively grows full, luxuriant lashes and shapely brows, making the plainest eyes lovely and enhancing the entire appearance of the face. Its use is simple and absolutely harmless. Write for literature.

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draws the blood to the most sallow wrinkled face in 20 minutes, nourishes the skin, makes muscles firm, removes discolorations, restoring the healthy complexion of girlhood.

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 Quoth el presidente de Venezuela,
 "All my enemies call me a huerler.
 Whatever they say
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 And take very good care that I'm dueler."
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 Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 639)

right which should never have been denied her?

As John S. Mill says: "Why should not woman have a chance to choose those by whom she is to be governed, as a means of self-protection? Under whatever conditions and within whatever limits, men are admitted to the suffrage, there is not a shadow of justification for not admitting women under the same."

Then, why should woman have this great desire, above all others, to be a wife and mother? Have men made marriage such a desirable thing for women that it is the only desired haven? Have husbands taken the same pains to be lovers as in their courtship days?

Even in the matter of her children, which so nearly concerns her, has even this been in her own hands as it should have been?

One man writes so glowingly of the time when women worked at the task at which she sings. He neglected to mention, even incidentally, that she weeps before she sings.

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Extract, Sachet, Face and Talcum Powder. At all dealers. Send 6c. for Sample of Extract. Alfred H. Smith Co., 41 West 33d St., N. Y.

Then he speaks of her lacking independence because she wants to vote. How strangely he argues!

It's because she wants to be considered of more importance, needs to have more independence, more personality that she wants the suffrage.

One way above all others in which man has wronged woman has been in his desire to take from her her independence, her personality.

He speaks of blind sheep-like following of some leader, indicating lack of independence and judgment; yet it has ever been thus that man would have woman follow him. Suppose you ask, for a change, what qualities our present voters have to fit them to be husbands and fathers? Wouldn't it be profitable for man to cease for a time building up ideals around womanhood, and build up a few ideals around manhood?

MILDRED MILLER.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Done

DEAR LIFE:

Do you allow your readers to offer suggestions if they do it politely? Well, I suggest that you refer to your map of the United States. After you have found the Mississippi River, pass your pointer along its printed course until you come to a circular mark beside which

(Continued on page 642)

BLACK & WHITE

SCOTCH WHISKY

Every hotel, restaurant and cafe has **BLACK & WHITE** Scotch Whisky—it is asked for the world over. There must be a reason.

IS ALL RIGHT

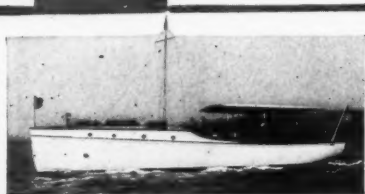


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Elco 175 Avenue A.
Bayonne, N.J.

27 minutes from Liberty and 23d St. Ferries, C. R. R. of N. J.

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 641)

is the name St. Louis. Then refer to
the *World Almanac*. There you will
find some bits of information which
will jar you into a realization of what
may be to you a startling truth, that
I am not writing this letter from a
"frog-pond" town.

I take this opportunity to remind
you that St. Louis is something more
than a wide place in a Western road.
In St. Louis there are nearly three-
quarters of a million living, breathing,
thinking, reading people, possessing
mental equipments equal to those

found in Chicago and Philadelphia,
which, of course, puts them away
ahead of New York.

I suggest that you send the editor
of *LIFE* to St. Louis. He does not
have to come by way of Chicago, and
he may safely come unarmed.

I am compelled to charge you with
deliberately ignoring St. Louis in mak-
ing up your timetable, for I cannot

accuse a wideawake New York publi-
cation with something worse—over-
sight. Put St. Louis in your timetable
and you will have done yourself a
great service.

Yours very truly,

W. N. AUBUCHON, JR.

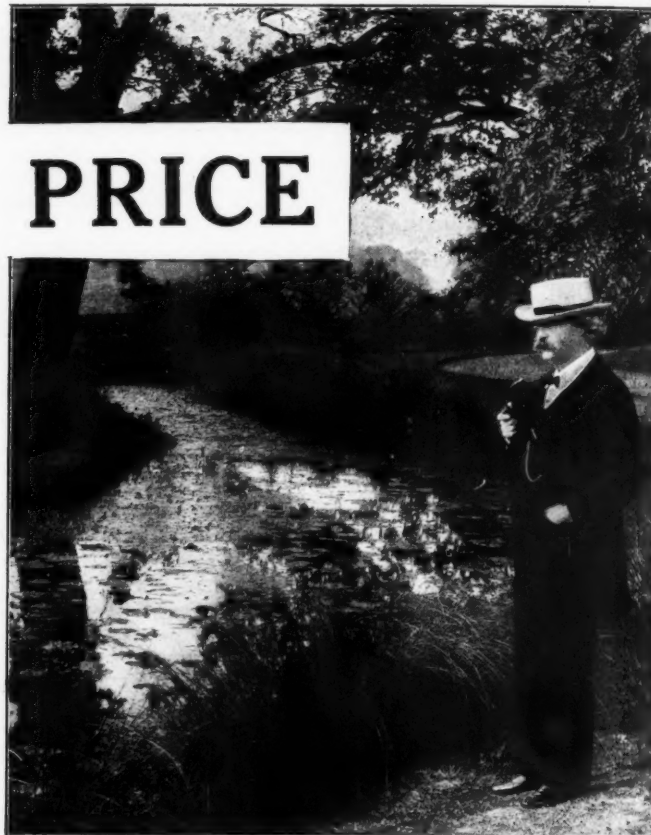
St. Louis, March 6, 1911.

(Concluded on page 643)

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philosophy, the hu-
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Twain counteract the
irritation of our in-
tense American life.

His great books
afford the relaxation
which is absolutely
necessary for every
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"The World's Best
Table Water"

In NEW Sterilized Bottles only

From Our Readers

(Concluded from page 642)

A Correspondent Answered

DEAR LIFE:

Your issue of this week contains an amusing letter, ending in this very apropos manner: "I will remain anonymous and ignorant, but willing to learn. A. C. M."

She says she is a "model wife and mother," whatever that may be. It sounds like a prize dairy product. She also inquires: "I can't help wondering what gallery Kate Masterson (if it is a lady) is playing to. I mean what masculine gallery."

If Mrs. Masterson were playing to a masculine gallery the last stand she would assume is that of anti-Suffrage. She would get a bell and a banner and go about making a loud noise. This amuses and attracts men, because it is so lacking in dignity and reserve that it allows them to justly feel superior to women. It is a species of flattery and the Suffragettes are like a lot of odalisques posing in new attitudes.

Men have always preferred and run after foolish women and vain ones, just as they avoid the ladies who wear boneless health waists, common sense shoes and straight hair. Men conspicuous for their gallantry are at present publicly espousing Suffrage, addressing meetings, and many women who have never made any records as man-killers have taken up Suffrage as a last resort. It is a challenge and it gives man another opportunity to follow, subdue and tame on new lines. To be opposed to women making spectacles of themselves does not argue any desire to play to a masculine gallery—but the contrary. Remain anonymous if you will, my dear A. C. M.; continue to be a "model wife and mother" if it agrees with you, but try—TRY not to remain foolish.

KATE MASTERSON.

March 9th.

Life

Invites you to an Exhibition and Sale of Original Drawings, April third to April twelfth, inclusive (open daily, Sunday excepted, until 10 P. M.), at The Galleries of The Detroit Publishing Company, Fifteen West Thirty-eighth Street, New York.

The prices of all drawings will be marked in plain figures.



THE BEST \$5 FISHING ROD EVER BUILT

**Yellowstone Special
All Sizes, Fly or Bait**

Six-strip selected split bamboo. German silver mountings. Solid cork grasp. Solid metal reel seat. Three piece with extra tip, put up on covered wood frame with canvas sack.

Our guarantee: money back if not satisfied, charges paid both ways.

Price \$5, delivered free in U. S.

If you are a sportsman, fisherman, hunter, camper, canoeist, explorer, prospector, motorist, mountain climber, or, in fact, do anything out of doors, you cannot enjoy the possibilities of your chosen hobby without having with you our special catalog on that particular sport.

We publish seven catalogs of information, each one complete in its particular line, as follows:

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2. Sportsmen's Clothing, Footwear, Personal Equipment.
3. Packs and Packing.
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5. Fire Arms, Ammunition and Arms Sundries.
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7. Winter Sports.

These handsome books are more than a mere catalog of sportsmen's supplies. They are full of information and suggestions. They are a final authority on things You want to know—Where to go, What to wear, What to take with you.

The book of your favorite sport should be in your hands, as it will give the information you seek. We want you to have it—FREE—NOW.

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A LAKE SQUALL

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JOSEPH CANNON.

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DR. CHAS. PARKHURST.

KING GEORGE.



LIFE'S Famous Committee arranging minor clerical details, after having selected Booby Prize in the Greatest Race on record.

Next Week You Will Know All

*Here's to the glorious winner
Of LIFE'S Great Auto Race,
And here's to the reckless sinner
Who dares to take last place.*

LIFE's Great Auto Race is now drawing to a close.

With tense lips, hearts surging with emotion and every nerve strained to its utmost, the contestants are thundering to the tape.

The great race started on October 1, 1910. From the instant that the starting gun was fired, the whole civilized world was agog with excitement. Messages from all the crowned heads of Europe poured in. Automobile circles in every State in the Union were stirred to their respective depths.



DIANA, Bronze Statue, 42 inches high, by the celebrated French artist, A. Gaudes, will be presented to the winner of the Booby Prize, in LIFE'S Auto Race. Winners to be announced next week.

The idea of giving a handsome solid gold cup to the automobile advertiser having the greatest number of lines in LIFE in six months was received at first with profound astonishment and then with an ever circling area of applause.

But when, in addition to this, it was announced that a Booby Prize would be presented to the automobile advertiser having the least number of lines in the same period, nothing could exceed the universal enthusiasm. The reckless disregard of consequences shown by those brave autos who dared to advertise in LIFE as little as possible, met with instant recognition from everyone.

Later, when LIFE's famous committee to select the prize—King Alfonso and his four confrères—was announced, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. But soon old animosities will be forgotten and, it is hoped, new friendships will be cemented.

Next week's LIFE will give the place of every contestant at the finish, and the names of the winners of the gold cup and the bronze statue, together with reproductions of both prizes.

Look for next week's LIFE.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated. \$2. postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Books Received

The Honor of the Big Snows, by James Oliver Curwood. (Bobbs, Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.25.)

Optimos, by Horace Traubel. (B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.)

Robinetta, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater, and Allan McAulay. (Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.10.)

The Heart of the Bush, by Edith Searle Grossman. (John Lane Co. \$1.50.)

The Adventure, by Henry Bryan Binns. (B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00.)

Compensation, by Anne Warwick. (John Lane Company. \$1.50.)

LIGHT YOUR AUTOMOBILE LAMPS WITH ELECTRICITY

GRAY & DAVIS DYNAMO SYSTEM

Provides electric light for your lamps and charges your batteries.

Absolutely reliable. This Dynamo possesses exclusive features found in no other system. Small, compact, weight complete 19½ lbs.

Constant speed. Driven by your motor. Favors battery by putting in tapered charge. Favors Lamps (exclusive feature) and runs lamps without battery. Shunt Wound when charging batteries. Compound Wound when lighting lamps.

Order our system for YOUR car—also get complete electric lamp equipment—be up-to-date. Write to-day for catalog E—describes Dynamo and illustrates our line of lamps.

GRAY & DAVIS
Manufacturers of Automobile Lamps
Amesbury, Mass.



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is now spread before the feet of

"THE CHIEF"

Alfred Henry Lewis' great serial now running in

THE MAGAZINE ABOUT PEOPLE
HumanLife

"The Girl" steps into the plot in the March issue. She furnishes the background of love for the tale which does for New York's police what "The Boss" did for New York politicians. It's an amazing story of love, intrigue and graft, which leads an urchin from the gutter to head Gotham's "Finest."

It will Startle the Country

as Mr. Lewis' pen has startled it before. You can't afford to miss it. You will find your neighbors talking about it and you ought to start at the beginning. You may recognize "The Chief" before you get far into the story.

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You can get the magazine for a year by sending us \$1.00 and we will start your subscription with the start of "The Chief."

HUMAN LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, - Boston, Mass.



THE GIRL

The Vanity Box, by Alice Stuyvesant. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20.)

War—What For? by George R. Kirkpatrick. (Published by the author at West La Fayette, Ohio. \$1.20.)

Diaz, Master of Mexico, by James Creelman. (D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.)

The Lass With the Delicate Air, by A. R. Goring-Thomas. (John Lane Company. \$1.50.)

The Romance of Princess Amelia, by W. S. Child-Pemberton. (John Lane Company. \$5.00.)

The Sins of the Children, by Horace W. C. Newte. (John Lane Company. \$1.50.)

Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens. (D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.)

The Immortal Lure, by Cale Young Rice. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25.)

Poems, by Lillie Rosalie Ripley. (Richard G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

Poems, by Herbert Miller Hopkins. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

A Prince of Romance, by Stephen Chalmers. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.50.)

Robert Kimberly, by Frank H. Spearman. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.30.)

The Adventures of a Modest Man, by Robert W. Chambers. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.30.)

(Concluded on page 646)



Purity and Simplicity

are two elements which have won for Belle Mead Sweets their enviable reputation as the gift which always carries with it an evidence of thoughtful consideration.

Belle Mead Sweets

Chocolates and Bon Bons

are *absolute* in their purity. They are made of real fruit and nuts, fresh cream and butter, chocolate and sugar. Not one drop of artificial coloring or flavoring is used in the "cleanest candy kitchen in the world."

It is a satisfaction to know they are so perfectly pure and wholesome when your taste is being delighted by their dainty and delicious flavors.

Sold only in sealed packages by the better class of druggists

BELLE MEAD SWEETS, Trenton, N. J.

Books Received

(Concluded from page 645)

The Individual and Society, by James Mark Baldwin. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.50.)

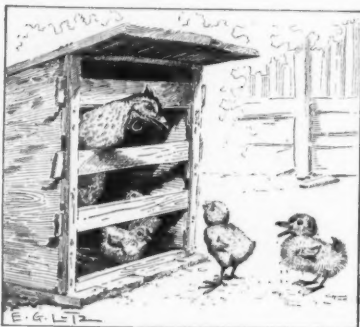
The House of Serravalle, by Richard Bagot. (John Lane Company. \$1.50.)

The Lame Englishman, by Warwick Deeping. (Cassell & Company. \$1.20.)

Four in Family, by Florida P. Sumerswell. (Bobbs, Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.00.)

Alarms and Discursions, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Denry the Audacious, by Arnold Bennett. (E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.35.)



"MAMA, I DON'T WANT TO BE A TATTLE TALE, BUT FOSTER BROTHER WAS IN SWIMMING."

Captivating Mary Carstairs, by Henry Second. (Small, Maynard & Company. \$1.30.)

Seymour Hicks, by himself. (John Lane Company. \$1.25.)

Diminutive Dramas, by Maurice Barling. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

Edgehill Essays, by Adrian Hoffman Joline. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$2.00.)

Books for the Tourist

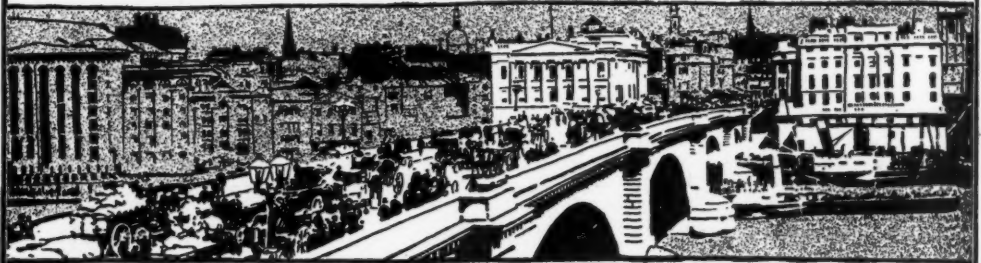
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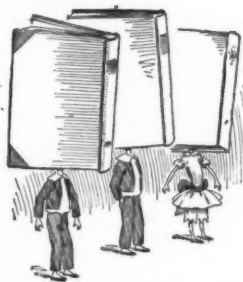
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to come to
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The Children



Love the bound volumes of LIFE. You can keep any child—from 4 to 40—occupied for hours looking them over.

That Wayward Mood

Each one of us has it at times—you are restless, possibly slightly depressed, unfit to read anything where any concentration is required, and the weather is too bad to go out, or there are reasons why you must just sit around for the next half hour.

Suddenly you remember that the last bound volume of LIFE is at your elbow. You pick it up, and—presto! the world is changed.

It gives you just the kind of mental relaxation and cheer that you want.

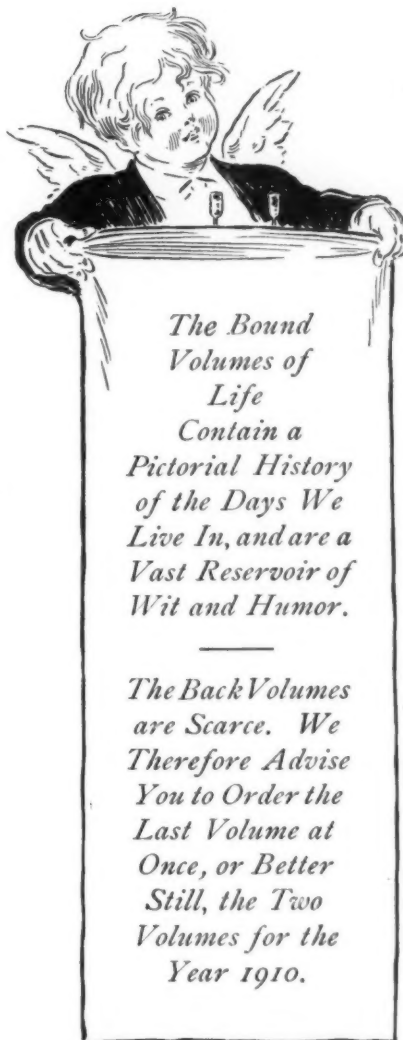
Better than the latest New Thought Treatment.

In Families

A Friend Recently Said This:

"You don't understand how good LIFE is until you see it in a bound volume. Besides, I was simply amazed, when I looked over the last volume, when I discovered how many good things I had missed. And, my children! Why, a bound volume of LIFE will keep one of them busy for hours; and the beauty of it is that it fits all ages, from the four-year-old, who is interested in the pictures, to the grown-up."

If you get the last bound volume, No. 56, from July, 1910, to January, 1911.



The Bound Volumes of Life Contain a Pictorial History of the Days We Live In, and are a Vast Reservoir of Wit and Humor.

The Back Volumes are Scarce. We Therefore Advise You to Order the Last Volume at Once, or Better Still, the Two Volumes for the Year 1910.



Now About the Price

The above cut shows how the volume looks. There are three styles, namely, all black, green and gold, and maroon and gold. The price of each vol. (6 months) is \$4. But if you will send in your back numbers loose the cost will be \$2. Remit with order, or afterwards, as you please.

Address LIFE, 17 W. 31, N. Y.

On Your Office Table

If you are a professional man, and the nature of your work compels you to keep visitors waiting in an outer office, bound volumes of LIFE are an absolute necessity.

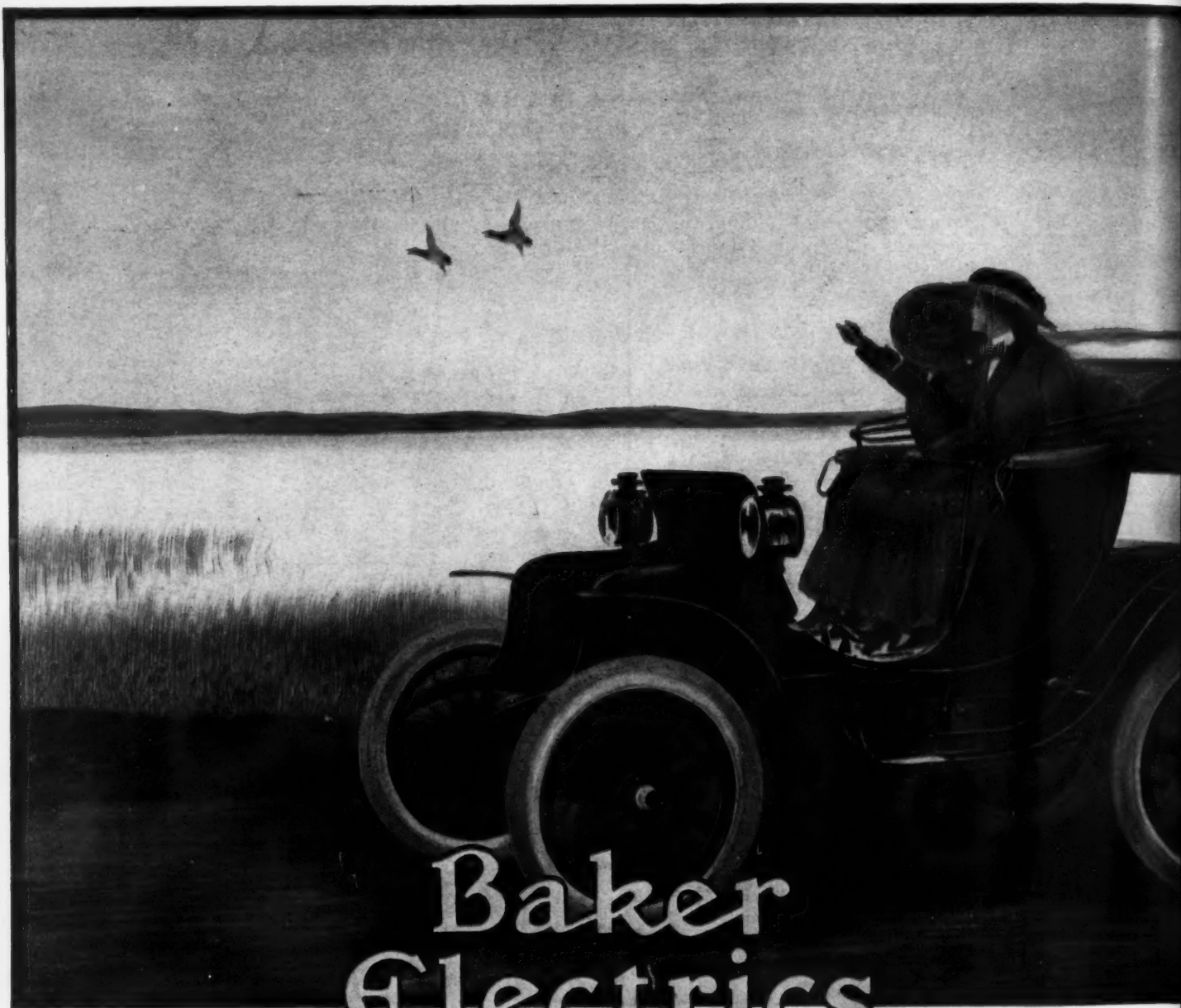
Think of the effect upon a patient, or a client, when for fifteen minutes before he comes in to interview you he has been looking over the wisest and wittiest paper in the world.

Instead of being tired out and ill-natured, he comes in with a cheerful face. Half the work between you is done.

You will find that it will make your life easier.

If You Have Kept

your back numbers of LIFE, send them to us by express with two dollars, and we will send you in exchange a bound volume, made up of new copies. State what style of binding you prefer.



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The Pioneer Shaft Driven Electric

Eight years ago The Baker Company began the designing of shaft drive in electrics. Two years ago they perfected a shaft drive which proved so superior in use to any chain drive invented that the latter was entirely abandoned. It is today the only transmission in electrics which is neither old-fashioned nor experimental.

Lead plate, iron clad or Edison batteries, the two latter at extra cost; special electric pneumatic or Motz cushion tires.

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